

Catholic Digest

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YOUR GUIDE TO ENNOBLING THOUGHT



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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The Bishop of Sioux Falls asks if the U. S. is marching down the highway paved by its founding fathers or into the dead end of secularism

Church and State and Schools

By ✚ WILLIAM O. BRADY

Condensed from an address*

IN ALL U. S. history, from 1620 to 1860, there is very little reference to the so-called "sacred democratic principle" that church and state should be separate. Many writers and orators would give you the impression that the Pilgrims carved it on Plymouth Rock the day after they landed. The truth is that they believed in the union of church and state. That was what they knew in their homes abroad. That is exactly what they established here. For 150 years after the landing of the Pilgrims, the union of church and state was accepted and practiced in the colonies. Laws protected religion, and subsidized religious

schools. In some colonies, there were laws forcing public conformity. There is nothing age-old or centuries-old about separation of church and state. In fact it is one of the things secularism introduced into U. S. life.

A second historical fact may be even more interesting. When our federal government was formed, a first amendment to the Constitution was quickly adopted. This amendment reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." A lot of printed matter today would give you the impression that this first amendment was providentially designed to keep the



*As printed in the Daily Argus Leader, Sioux Falls, S. D. Oct. 3, 1949.

Catholic Church out of the U. S. government.

The real story is this. When our Constitution was framed and adopted, there were 13 colonies. Eight of the 13 colonies had a union of church and state. Eight colonies had established churches, churches exclusively approved by the colonial governments, with government-supported religious schools. In the five other colonies, there were no legally established churches, though, in effect, the colonial governments favored the religion of their citizens. Five of the established churches were Episcopal; three were Congregational.

Facing these religious differences, Congress took action, and the first amendment became a part of our Constitution. The effect of this first amendment was simply to say that no matter what the individual states might do about establishing a union of church and state, the federal government would have no part in it. Religion was not outlawed by this action. Rather, all religions were given equal rights under the law. Enough early documents make it plain that the founders of our country understood well that without religion, neither law nor government could long stand.

In reading that early history, I cannot find the Catholic Church entering in any way into the problem of union of church and state. I cannot even find it in the picture, except in Maryland. And curiously, in spite of all the fears of what Catholics might do if there were ever an opportunity to be

dominant in the U. S., that original strong Catholic colony of Maryland was the only colony of all 13 that had adopted and put into effect an "Act of Toleration" of all religions.

A third historical fact brings us to our own day. There is nothing in the constitutions of 47 states which specifically forbids union of church and state. Utah alone has a constitutional provision which says, "there shall be no union of church and state nor shall any church dominate the state or interfere with its functions." All of which is especially interesting if you know that Utah was founded by members of the persecuted Mormon sect.

Facts will not always dissolve preconceptions. But facts cannot be denied, no matter how unknown, forgotten or disregarded they may be.

The fact is that private schools, including parochial schools, no matter by whom conducted, are really public schools. They are privately owned, privately financed and privately managed, it is true. But they are also public. They are publicly approved, openly conducted and of great civic and social importance to the general public welfare. Some would like to have it appear that the parochial schools are, somehow, extra-legal, that they have a shadow over them, that they are only tolerated, that they are contrary to the great American democratic spirit. Others make it plain that they feel parochial schools are a danger to a community. Let us face the facts.

The federal Constitution, the Supreme Court and the state constitu-

tions of 48 states unanimously approve the establishment and continuance of private and parochial schools. The government uses the professors and facilities of our private schools for public and governmental projects and experiments. Graduates of private schools and parochial schools practice medicine in our cities, law in our courts, and teach in the public-school system.

Once, in the state of Oregon, an attempt was made to abolish all private schools, all parochial schools, and to make attendance at state schools obligatory. The Supreme Court decided that issue on a double basis: first, that every parent had the right to educate his children in the school of his choice; second, that no state had the right to compel attendance at public schools. The natural consequence of this decision is that the public school and the parochial school are equal on a civic basis and should be accepted as such. Whoever will affirm anything different stands in opposition to the U. S. Constitution, the great bulwark of our democracy and the essential protection of our way of life.

Nevertheless, in spite of logic, the accumulated laws of our various states sometimes make it appear that the children who attend private or parochial schools are outcasts, or, at least, second-class members of the community; and parents who send their children to such schools are subject to legal discrimination and legal disabilities.

As we now stand, funds for education are collected by tax on all the people. The amount of the tax is meas-

ured by the number, per district, of children eligible for education. In assessing your tax for education, all children of school age are counted in. But the children who attend the state schools receive—as financial support for their education—not only the taxes collected for their education, but also the taxes collected for the children who do not attend those state schools.

Catholics said but little about this as long as it remained at the state level. Now that there is danger that the federal government will also count our parochial-school children in when they assess a tax, and count them out when they distribute the funds, Catholics have protested. For this we Catholics have been criticized as seeking something to which we are not entitled. The emphasis of our protest has been placed on the funds collected for social services that, if provided for any, should be equally provided for all. We have asked no support for our schools. We know that the state constitutions are so phrased as to make this impossible. But we have said: text books in arithmetic have nothing to do with religion; lunches are supposed to be for the health of the child, not for the promotion of religion. And, if we are to be taxed for these things, we claim a right to have them. This claim is based on the same principle that is somehow applauded when applied to the Boston Tea Party, but ridiculed when applied to the present.

The real fire behind all this heat is the burning question of American citizenship. Are Catholics (or any

others who conduct their own schools) full-fledged citizens? Because they conduct their own schools, as provided by law, are they to be refused equal rights with all other citizens? Are they to be disqualified from receiving the favors of law paid for by the taxes on the whole community collected for the benefits of the whole citizenry?

Possibly, Catholics shall never be able to convince some people that they are not really interested in dominating the U. S. We Catholics love our country. We support it in peace in full loyalty and die for it in war the same as all others. We appreciate the benefits of citizenship. We willingly carry the burdens of citizenship. We publicly affirm that the U. S. way of life is the best that we know and we do not want it changed. We insistently assert that we are good and loyal citizens. We likewise insist that in all things we are entitled to the full rights of citizenship, without favor, and without curtailment.

And on this practical problem, we equally and publicly affirm that when we do what the law allows, namely, conduct our own schools, we ought to fear neither penalty nor discrimination, for we have been guilty of no crime. We further assert that discrimination against our children is an offense against democracy, a contravention of the Constitution, a violation of social justice, and a danger to our institutions.

The present debate over federal or state aid is not a mere matter of dollars and cents. Somehow or other our

American people must be made to see that communism, fascism and secularism will flourish the more if religious schools are eliminated from our society. But everyone can understand the savings in taxes which private schools mean. Based on the cost of education reported from the State Board at Pierre, last year the contribution of the Catholic schools to South Dakota was better than \$1,500,000. Nor does this count the value of Catholic buildings, their furnishings and equipment. If I should close only the Catholic schools in the city of Sioux Falls tomorrow the state would need to provide buildings and equipment for 1,200 pupils (approximately), find teachers and janitors, furnish texts and transportation. When this was done, the city would need another emergency appropriation of about \$200,000 to carry on for the year.

There are, however, contributions to society worth more than money. These the Catholic schools also try to give. All private schools try to meet, even to surpass, the others in as many fields as they can.

But whether or not Catholic schools bring their pupils more knowledge, or greater accuracy in spelling, or proficiency in music, their real boast is that they can still give society the fundamental leaven of basic religion and basic morality. No public school can make such contribution any more. When, therefore, anyone waves the flag of patriotism and asserts that we must hold firm to the sacred ways of our founding fathers, let him remem-

ber that our founding fathers would be amazed that schools could be founded for any other purpose than the moral development of their pupils. We have come a long way from the day when all schools were schools of religion, when the whole population was convinced that education without religion was dangerous. In our day, public education without religion is obligatory.

No one should waste energy worry-

ing about the Catholic Church, or any other church, becoming dominant and giving us a new church-and-state union. What we have to face today is the union of the state with pure, crass secularism. The Catholic Church is not fighting to become dominant over the U. S. We are in the fight to make sound principles of public life prevail. If we win, the U. S. will remain dominant—really dominant, over communism, fascism, and secularism.



The Cares of a Cardinal

To St. Clare's hospital, early one evening, came Francis Cardinal Spellman. Each evening he takes a walk for exercise in company with a friend or friends. On these strolls, he makes it a point to drop in at various hospitals or parishes, so that pleasure often yields to archdiocesan business.

The cardinal and his companion were greeted courteously by two of Mother Alice's nuns. "Good evening, Father," said one.

He returned the greeting and asked how things were at the hospital. "All of our rooms are taken," said the older nun. Suggested the other, "Perhaps you'd like to look at the operating room, Father."

At this point, the cardinal's walking companion, a non-Catholic, explained to one of the nuns that they were talking to the Archbishop of New York. "Sure and all the priests always tell us that," the nun assured him. Turning to the second nun, she smiled: "Here is another archbishop." They both smiled gently.

Since the non-Catholic seemed embarrassed, His Eminence tried to gloss it over. "That is true, Sister; I am the archbishop." At their frank look of disbelief, he opened his wallet and showed his identification card.

The older nun regarded this very carefully, and then said to His Eminence, in tones eloquent with reproach, "Now, Father, *where* did you get that?"

Sunday News (9 Oct. '49).

A story from the nazi hunger bunkers

Prison-Camp Incident

By JOHN COGLEY

Condensed from *Today**

FATHER MAXIMILIAN died of hunger and thirst at the Auschwitz concentration camp Aug. 14, 1941. His body was burned to ashes in the great crematory oven and the remains scattered to the four winds. There will never be any relics of the martyr.

Here is how Father Maximilian came to die. The nazis had given orders that ten Polish prisoners would die as hostages for every prisoner who escaped from Auschwitz. July 30, 1941, a prisoner escaped from cell block 14, to which Father Maximilian had been assigned. That night nobody in the cell block slept. All night long Father Max heard confessions of his fellow prisoners. The next morning the head of the camp announced that the fugitive had not been found. All the other inmates were sent out to work, but the prisoners in block 14 were told to stay where they were. At noon it was announced that the escaped prisoner still had not been captured. The afternoon dragged on in terror for the men in 14. In the evening, the lines of other prisoners



came back to their cells. The missing one still had not been found. But finally the long and terrifying wait was over. The *Lagenführer*, a German named Fritsch, entered cell block 14.

"The fugitive has not been found," he said. "Ten of you will have to die. By hunger and thirst. The next time there will

be 20 of you taken to the bunker."

He passed up and down the ranks, studying each face, making the fateful decisions.

"You . . . and you . . . you . . . you . . . and you two . . . you . . . you . . . and you and you." The ten had been chosen. Father Maximilian was not among them. A young man, one of the condemned, cried out, "Oh, my poor wife! My wife and my children! What will happen to my children? I have four."

Suddenly Father Maximilian stepped out of line to speak to Fritsch. Fritsch reached for his pistol. "Stop, you. Stay where you are. What do you want, swine?"

The priest said, "Let me go to death.

for one of these condemned men." Fritsch couldn't believe what he heard. He looked at Maximilian for a long, thoughtful minute.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a Catholic priest."

"Whose place do you want to take?"

"This one." And the priest pointed to the man with the four children.

"Why?" Fritsch asked him.

"Because I'm old (he was only 47) and not good for much. My life doesn't amount to much. This man has a family."

Fritsch didn't say anything for a while. Then he motioned for Father Maximilian to get into line with the condemned men and for the father who had cried out to step back among the others. The sacrifice was accepted.

It had all been so fast and undramatic that the others didn't realize what had happened. Those among them who tell the story say that the Franciscan was calm as he marched off with the other nine.

In the death cell, the hostages were stripped of their clothing and left naked, to die of hunger and thirst. They were given absolutely nothing to eat or—ininitely worse agony—to drink. They were left alone. Whatever Father Maximilian did to prepare them for death was marvelously successful. They were heard singing and praying aloud in firm voices at first, but as the days went on and the blood in their veins turned to fire from thirst and their lips grew swollen and parched, their voices came in weaker and weaker whispers. Finally, no

sound was heard. One by one, in the lonely silence, they died.

The priest was the last to go. Fourteen days after the fatal condemnation, a clean-up man found the dead body of Father Maximilian, sitting on the floor, his head propped against the wall. The clean-up man, who has given his testimony publicly, said it was not like the body of a man who had died of hunger and thirst. It was, he said, the way you would imagine a saint would look in death. There was peace on his face. He seemed to be sleeping. "I was sure he was a saint," he testified.

The room was cleaned up for the next occupants, and the bodies of the ten were ordered to be taken to the crematory.

All over America people were singing, "I don't want to set the world on fire . . ." In Germany people were wildly celebrating the latest Nazi victory. It was still five months before Pearl Harbor.

Even if Father Maximilian had not died a martyr, his life would have been memorable. He was one of the really great apostles of the Catholic press in modern times. In 1938, the paper he founded in Poland, the *Little Journal*, reached a circulation of 320,000 subscribers, which is high by any Catholic press standards and phenomenally high in Poland. A magazine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and called the *Knight of Our Lady* had a circulation of one million in 1939. He organized a group of Franciscan lay Brothers who did all the

printing and mailing of his publications. The community formed the City of the Immaculate, Niepokalonov, Poland, and was then the largest publishing project in the entire Church.

At the height of his success in Poland, in 1930, Father Maximilian left everything and went off to begin a publishing venture in Japan. He had met a group of Japanese students on a train and had fallen into conversation with them about their country. Before they parted he had given them miraculous medals and accepted from them some little white elephants they carried as fetishes.

The students deeply affected him. He could not forget them, nor the Christless country they described. He was determined to go there and organize a Catholic press. Finally he got permission from his superiors. With great labor and pain, a Japanese City of the Immaculate was founded at Nagasaki. The project eventually failed, though it had a temporary success.

Then Father Maximilian went on to India. Again he made no great progress. But the work he had begun in Poland flourished. In 1936, he was called back to Poland as superior of the Franciscans at Niepokalonov, and stayed there until his arrest by the nazis.

He was born Raymond Kolbe (Maximilian is his Religious name) near Lodz, Poland, in 1894. He entered the junior seminary of the Black Franciscans as a boy, with his brother, Francis. He found the religious obedience

difficult, had serious doubts about his vocation, and decided to return home. Then his mother visited him one day to tell him that, with their three sons in the monastery, she and his father were going to enter the Religious life. She was going to the Benedictine Sisters, his father to the Franciscans at Cracow. His mother saved Raymond's vocation. Immediately after she left, Raymond went to the provincial of the Franciscans and asked to go ahead with his studies for the priesthood.

He studied at the Franciscan college in Rome, and later got doctorates in both philosophy and theology from the Jesuits' Gregorian university. But the spiritual life interested him more than the academic.

Devotion to our Lady was at the basis of all his life and work. It was for her that he founded his Militia of the Immaculate, with two other Polish priests and four Italians, soon after his ordination. He described his associates as "fools like myself."

Father Maximilian was ever the Franciscan. He called the linotype machine at the printing plant "our sister, the machine"; the presses were "Brother Press," and the ink, "Brother Ink."

He may be the first of the modern European martyrs to reach the altars. May 24, 1948, the preliminary process of inquiry for his beatification was begun at Padua. In time, Hitler may be remembered mainly because he was responsible for the death of men like Father Maximilian Kolbe. How else do we ever think of Nero?

When things happen right in front
of you, you wake up and listen.

Four on a Street Corner

By EDDIE DOHERTY

LES RO

Condensed from CQR*

You are sitting at a small table in a sidewalk cafe in Paris. The place is away from the tourist spots. Only one thing disturbs you. That young man across the street. He is clean-cut, neatly dressed. He is evidently a workingman, through for the day, waiting for some girl. He keeps looking up and down the street. He keeps looking at his watch.

Confound the fellow, he bothers you. He has affected all the others in the cafe. Some smile at him tolerantly. Truly, all the world loves a lover.

Ah! Here comes *mademoiselle* now. A pretty girl. Chic, yes; but modest. But especially modest. That is what most attracts you.

"Jacques!" she says. "I am so sorry to be late." Queer how clearly her voice carries from across the wide avenue.

"It is nothing, Cherie," you hear him say. "I have been waiting but these few, small, wee, inconsiderable minutes." Isn't it odd that his voice carries so distinctly too?

Another couple arrives. He is seedy,



with sideburns such as the Apaches love. And she is chic and sleek and sharp. But especially sharp, you note.

And their voices have as much power to cross the traffic arteries as the voices of the first pair.

"Jacques and Marie!"

"Charlotte! Henri! How nice to see you. Come with us to church."

"To church? You still go to church?"

You forget the newspaper you had been reading. Here is a drama no citizen of Paris could ignore. The first young couple are evidently Catholics. Did they not mention church? And who goes to church on a weekday night but Catholics. And the other two? Communists, perhaps.

Listen to that Henri. "Don't tell me, Jacques, you still smoke the opium of the Pope! And you too, Marie? I am distressed. I thought you were intelligent. I thought you were devoted to the poor and wretched."

Already there is a group of people gathering close about the two young couples. Passersby have stopped.

*Sacred Heart Monastery, Hales Corners, Wis. October, 1949.

There will be an argument, my friend, and what Frenchman can resist such heaven-sent opportunity to listen to an argument, even to take part in it?

But listen. Jacques is quoting from the encyclicals of the Popes. The Popes, he says, have always sought the welfare of the wretched and the poor, have built hospitals, asylums, shelters, schools, universities, and many other institutions for their care. The Popes, through the centuries, have fought for the rights of the workingman, have done all they could to foster his economic freedom.

An intelligent young man, this Jacques. A profound scholar. At least he knows the papal encyclicals. He has an answer to everything. And when he seems to hesitate, the modest girl, Marie, puts in a telling word or two.

But Henri is a scholar too. Those communists are smart! And nimble in their explanations. And that Charlotte, for all her chic, her long false eyelashes, her silly and pathetic powder and paint—Charlotte is brilliant.

It is delightful, listening. But one takes sides, no? One cannot help it here. One feels for the Catholic against the communist. Perhaps that is because his statements ring so true; while all Henri's cleverness leaves one in some doubt of his sincerity.

Yes, it is admitted, one takes sides. As the argument grows, and it becomes clear and more clear that the Catholics are right in what they say, and the communists merely clever, one waits for victory.

"This Jacques is right," a man at the table next to you says aloud. "Henri must go back to the Church."

There is a big crowd now. And there is the policeman, shouldering his way through the group on the curb, baton in hand, determination in his eyes. Determination? You can see it quivering in the ends of his pointed little mustachio.

The disturbance, he says, must terminate. And at once. The crowd must be dispersed. There must be no trouble here.

"But," says Jacques politely, "I was trying to quote to my friends here Pope Leo XIII's words on the subject of private property. But it seems I do not remember them exactly. Perhaps you might help my inexcusable deficiency."

The policeman shrugs, and his long cape flaps with the movement of his shoulders. What he says, alas, does not quite reach your table. His voice has power only to stop the taxicabs, it seems.

But his little mustachio points—how like a beetle the policeman looks!—have ceased to quiver with determination. And the argument goes on between the two couples.

And after it is over, and—why are you so glad about this, *M'sieur, Madame?*—and both Henri and Charlotte have agreed to go to church with Marie and Jacques, then—

What a surprise!

The two young men take off their hats and bow to the listeners on the sidewalk, and to the people sitting in

the open-air cafe. And the young women bow and smile. And Jacques makes a pleasant little speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have just witnessed a play, directed and performed by the Companions of St. Francis of Assisi, one of a number of teams of Catholic laymen and women who stage this and similar plays in all the cities and villages of France."

Actors! Nothing but actors in a homemade play manufactured from the encyclicals of the Popes, the New Testament, and the teachings of Karl Marx as doctored by communists.

Actors who teach and preach, even as they entertain!

Give them a few sous. Give them a franc or two. And order another aperitif. It's almost time for dinner.

And, by the way, if you are curious enough to learn all you can about these Companions, you may, you know, invite those four young players to dine with you. They eat too, at times. Even when they don't, they get as hungry as anybody else.

The Companions will begin their story with Prof. Joseph Folliet, a doctor of Thomistic philosophy, and a student of the drama.

"He started this Pilgrimage of Catholic Thought, this idea of spreading the teachings of the Church throughout France, 20 years ago this August."

The professor, you will learn, was an ardent lover of the drama; and it pained him to realize that dramatists of this modern age were not at all concerned with staging the mysteries of the Church. It pained him also to

realize that so many, many Catholics in his beloved country were also no longer concerned about these mysteries. It seemed to him that if he could bring the drama to all the cities and villages in the land, he might change the thought of France. He might bring all France back to the faith it had so long, so gloriously, upheld.

He gathered what college boys and girls he could, and fired them with his ideas. He collaborated with them on a repertoire of one-act plays which could be staged without props, sets, music or money. And then he sent them forth, as his Master once sent forth the 12 Apostles.

It was in August, 1929, when the lay apostles first astounded, amused, edified, and troubled the mind of Paris. Within ten years there were 100 teams, or troupes, of these actor apostles working in France. Each comprised between 15 and 30 young men and women. Twenty teams traveled all summer out of Paris.

It was, for the most part, summer and fall action. The actors went to the fields, vineyards, factories. They worked wherever they could, for whatever they could earn.

They stayed no more than a week in any place. They staged two dramas, then went to the next town or village, usually walking. They said the Rosary as they walked—and it seemed, always, that the next town was at least 20 miles away. They sang the litanies. They chanted psalms.

They carried knapsacks and gourds. There were clean shirts and socks in

the knapsacks, perhaps some bread and cheese, and, likely enough, a bottle of wine. The gourds held water, usually.

I was talking, recently, to a woman who had wandered more or less leisurely through France in 1937. She traveled as the Companions travel, on foot, with knapsack and gourd.

She had heard about the Companions. She had witnessed one of their plays. And she had thought it possible to organize a similar body of apostles in the U. S. and Canada.

What she wanted to know, especially, however, was the result of the work. She traveled, therefore, some weeks in advance of the apostles of the road.

"I remember going to early Mass in a church in an extremely small village," this woman said. "I was the only one there besides the priest; and he was so curious about me he asked me to breakfast."

"Nobody ever came to church on a weekday," he said. "And there were seldom more than three or four families on Sunday, whereas, in years past, there had not been room for all the people."

A fortnight or so after this, the Companions of St. Francis of Assisi came to the village. They staged a play on the Mass, and another on Matrimony, and journeyed on.

The woman from America returned to the parish a month after they had gone; and again had breakfast with the priest.

"It is a miracle of God's grace," the

priest said. "You saw there were quite a few people at Mass this morning, did you not? You were with them at the Communion rail. But ten times as many come to Mass on Sunday!"

No, the young players hadn't been able to fill the church for Sunday; they had not restored the parish to its pristine fervor. But they had made a difference.

The war interrupted the work of Professor Folliet and his young thespians. Many of the men, if not all of them, were drafted into the army. A number worked in the underground, after the fall of Paris. Some of them did not return to the apostolate.

I have not been in France since I left it in 1940; so I cannot say, of my own knowledge, that the work of the apostolate has been resumed. But friends in close contact with people in France assure me that Professor Folliet is still alive and well; that he has gathered and trained new actors and actresses; and that once again the teams go through the country, teaching Christ in street-corner plays.

The woman who wanted to transplant the idea to American soil, and adapt it for our benefit, was deflected to a different field; so the Companions of St. Francis, as far as I have been able to learn, operate exclusively in France.

But it is still possible the idea may come here. And it wouldn't surprise me if it did you a lot of good. Drama can hit you hard, especially if it comes to you when you least expect it. It can hit you hard enough to wake you up.



The story of Father Aulneau unfolds like a piece of detective fiction

FORGOTTEN MARTYR

By JAY EDGERTON

Condensed from the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune**

SOMETIME between sunset of June 5 and sunrise of June 6, 1736, on an island in the Lake of the Woods, a Sioux tomahawk cut through the neck of a Frenchman. The man was 31-year-old Jean Pierre Aulneau, a Jesuit priest from Vendee, France, who had a haunting premonition that he was about to die.

For two years Aulneau had known that death might be at any moment no farther distant than the next pine tree. Only a short time before his death, he had written to friends: "May God accept the sacrifice I make of my life. I shall deem myself happy were I deemed worthy of laying down my life for the One from whom I received it. You may hear the news of my death. I am disposed to offer Him with a light heart the sacrifice of my life."

Twenty others died with Father Aulneau, including Jean-Baptiste La Verendrye, eldest son of the first soldier-explorer of central North America.

The elder Verendrye was commanding officer at Fort St. Charles, westernmost French outpost of what is now the Northwest Angle of Minnesota.

Little has been known about Father Aulneau and his companions except by professional historians and antiquarians. But now 270,000 booklets, entitled *Minnesota's Forgotten Martyr*, the work of Father Emmett A. Shanahan, pastor of the Catholic church of St. Mary, Warroad, Minn., have gone out over the Upper Midwest. Father Shanahan's parish boundaries comprise the area in which the pioneer Jesuit missionary worked.†

For more than 150 years the bones of the pioneer priest had moldered in an unknown, unmarked grave on an island in the Lake of the Woods. Father Aulneau was forgotten, except by one old man in France.

†The church of St. Mary will erect a \$100,000 church in Warroad as a memorial to Father Aulneau. Work will be started when funds have been raised. Father Shanahan's booklet can be obtained from him gratis.

**Minneapolis, Minn. Oct. 2, 1949.*

In 1889, three Jesuit priests went to Vendee to conduct a mission. One morning after Mass, the old man approached them and made himself known. He had never seen a Jesuit before; had always wanted to see one. A member of his family, 150 years before, had been one of the sons of St. Ignatius.

The curiosity of the Jesuits was aroused. Questioning brought out the fact that the man had some family letters, preserved through the years, handed down from father to son. They were letters Father Aulneau had written to his mother, sister, and fellow Jesuits.

The Jesuits obtained the Aulneau letters, had them copied, translated into English, and published in a Canadian magazine. From them emerges a clear picture of the young Jesuit of the 18th century.

Jean Pierre was the son of a wealthy, widowed mother. May 29, 1734, he sailed from the port of La Rochelle, France, in the ship *Ruby*, bound for Quebec, New France. After 80 days, the longest passage on record at that time, the *Ruby* reached Quebec with some 200 sick on board. The plague had broken out en route. Young Aulneau, whose ministrations to the sick and dying had been heroic, came down with the disease after arriving in Quebec and for weeks it was doubtful whether he would survive.

By October, however, he was able to write to his mother: "I am at last, thank God, once more enjoying good health."

In April, 1735, a short time after his ordination as a priest, Father Aulneau was called in by his Jesuit superior in Quebec and given one of the toughest assignments of any missionary in New France. He was to go and find *Ouant Chipouanis*, "the Indians who dwell in holes," and preach Christ's Gospel to them. Doubtless, those Indians were the Mandans, living in dome-shaped, earth-built houses and sometimes in caves along the upper Missouri river. They are now extinct.

Father Aulneau's orders amounted to a sentence of exile and potential death. In the country of the Mandans he would be at least 500 miles from the nearest fellow priest. He was told to go to Fort St. Charles. There he was to spend the winter, learning the Chippewa and Assiniboin languages, instructing and baptizing the Indians. In his spare time he should jot down anything that would be helpful to later missionaries. Chippewa and Assiniboin dictionaries would be useful.

Father Aulneau left Montreal with a party of *voyageurs* June 12, 1735. He stopped at a mission at Sault St. Louis a few days later, then briefly at Michillimackinac (now Mackinac) in Lake Michigan, and by mid-October was at the Verendrye fort.

Fort St. Charles, named in honor of the patron saint of the Marquis de Beauharnois, governor of New France, stood on what is now called Magnusson island. It was a simple enclosure, 60 feet wide, 100 feet long, protected by a double row of cedar posts extending about 15 feet above ground.

Father Aulneau reached the fort just in time. The winter of 1735-36, one of the grimmest on record, came early. The hand of tragedy was on it from the beginning.

Two canoes carrying supplies to the Verendrye post had been lost in the rapids of Pigeon river. The wild-rice harvest was none too good. Food would be scarce. Indeed, famine itself might have struck the little French garrison except for a plentiful haul of whitefish caught just before the big freeze in November. Those were cached in an icehouse at the fort.

By mid-November the outpost was isolated. Winds whipped up snow-drifts. At night the Arctic-like stillness was broken by the cracking of lake ice and the hooting of great white owls. On clear winter nights, thousands of miles from his native sunny France, the young Jesuit walked in the enclosure at Fort St. Charles, watching northern lights that seemed so close he could almost touch them. Their beauty so impressed him that months later, in that tragic springtime that marked the close of his life, he was still writing about them.

There was plenty of work to do. From wandering Indians he gathered enough material to make a start on a dictionary. But he despaired of teaching them the Christian faith.

"As for the Indians who dwell here," he wrote, "I do not believe, unless it be by a miracle, that they can ever be persuaded to embrace the faith; for even not taking into account the fact that they have no fixed abode,

and that they wander about the forests in isolated bands, they are superstitious and morally degraded to a degree beyond conception.

"In addition, both the English and the French, by their accursed avarice, have given them a taste for brandy, and this traffic in liquor with the Indians has brought about the destruction of several flourishing missions, and has induced many an Indian to cast away every semblance of religion. This practice constitutes one of the greatest crosses the missionaries have to endure here among the Indians."

In spring, Father Aulneau realized that it would be impossible to start out for the country of the Mandans that year. Supplies at Fort St. Charles were too low to equip an expedition. The elder Verendrye decided to send to Michillimackinac for supplies, and Father Aulneau decided to go with them—to talk over plans with other priests and go to confession.

The afternoon of June 5, 1736, 19 picked men, commanded by Jean-Baptiste La Verendrye and accompanied by Father Aulneau, paddled away from Fort St. Charles, bound east via the border chain of lakes and Lake Superior for Michillimackinac. What follows is mostly conjecture and deduction.

All the evidence indicates that Father Aulneau and his party met a band of some 130 Sioux. They were on the warpath and combing the Lake of the Woods country for their traditional enemies, the Chippewas and Crees.

The French were killed to the last

man. Young Verendrye and Father Aulneau were decapitated, the Sioux taking their scalps with them as trophies of war.

On June 17, a trader paddled in to Fort St. Charles. He had come all the way from Montreal. He had not seen Verendrye en route. On an island in the Lake of the Woods a search party found the massacred. The elder Verendrye recorded in his journal that he had the heads of all the slain Frenchmen, together with the bodies of Father Aulneau and his son, buried at Fort St. Charles.

Verendrye left Fort St. Charles the following year, reached the Mandans in 1739, and died 10 years later, the Northwest Passage for which he had been searching still unfound. His post on the Northwest Angle was deserted. Winter snows and summer rains pelted it into ruins. In a few short years, not even the memory of it remained. But the Indian stories of what happened when 21 Frenchmen were beheaded continued to modern times.

Only a short time after the massacre, a French commander found an Indian chief wearing a silver seal in his ear. He recognized it as belonging to Father Aulneau.

There was a Sioux tale that an Indian woman came by a strange "cup," that seemed to her to have fatal "medicine." After she got it, her sons died one by one. In grief and anger, she hurled it into the river. It may well have been Father Aulneau's chalice.

The year following discovery of the Aulneau letters in France, two Jesuits from St. Boniface college, St. Boniface, Manitoba, journeyed to the Lake of the Woods to look for the site of Fort St. Charles and Father Aulneau's grave. They found an island called Massacre island, and discovered that even modern Indians gave it a wide berth.

Father Shanahan is somewhat skeptical about Massacre island as the actual site of the murder of Father Aulneau and his companions. The Warroad priest believes that Little Oak island is the more likely site. Topographically, Massacre island is not the kind of place that skilled French *voyageurs* would have selected for a camp. Furthermore, no cairn has ever been found there, although it is known that friendly Chippewas protected the bodies with piles of rocks after the slaughter.

In 1902, the Archbishop of St. Boniface organized an expedition to find old Fort St. Charles. Six years later, in 1908, a second expedition actually found the site and unearthed 19 skulls and the headless skeletons of young Verendrye and Father Aulneau.

The modern Jesuits reverently removed the bones to St. Boniface college, but even here obliteration seemed to pursue all that was mortal of Father Aulneau. On a cold November night in 1921, the college burned to the ground, destroying the relics of the young missionary.



An outstanding American gives you six reasons why

The Government Can't Do It All

By HERBERT HOOVER

Reprinted from *This Week Magazine**

WE HAVE seen a steady expansion of government into welfare activities. I am not criticizing the expansion of government aid to public welfare. It has a place in American life—provided the cloak of welfare is not used as a disguise for Karl Marx. But parallel with this expansion, we have stupendous taxation to support the hot and cold war. That makes it difficult for the citizens to support voluntary welfare agencies. It requires more personal sacrifice than ever before.

From all this, many citizens ask themselves: for what reasons must we continue to support the voluntary agencies? Why not let the government do it all?

The first short answer to this question is that you cannot retire from the voluntary field if you wish our American civilization to survive. The essence of our self-government lies outside of political government. Ours is a voluntary society. The fabric of American life is woven around our tens of thousands of voluntary associations.



That is, around our churches, our professional societies, our women's organizations, our businesses, our labor and farmers' associations — and not least, our charitable institutions. That is the very nature of American life. The inspirations of progress spring from these voluntary agencies, not from bureaucracy. If these vol-

untary activities were to be absorbed by government bureaus, this civilization would be over. Something neither free nor noble would take its place.

The second answer to this question is that it is our privately supported and managed hospitals and educational institutions that establish the standards for similar governmental agencies. It is the voluntary institutions which are the spur to official progress. Without them, our governmental healing and educational agencies would lag and degenerate.

The third answer to this question is that morals do not come from government. No government agency can create and sustain a system of morals. Even when private charities are not

*Oct. 9, 1949. Copyright, 1949, United Newspapers Magazine Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

working specifically in the religious field, their works confirm religious faith and morals.

There is a fourth answer. Governments and bureaucracies cannot build character in our youth. With the brutalization which results inevitably from war, character-building has never been as necessary as it is today. Many private welfare organizations are, directly or indirectly, helping build character. Some, for example, support the development of sports in our youth. The ethics of good sportsmanship are second only to religious ethics.

There is a fifth answer. The greatest and, in fact, the only impulse to social progress is the spark of altruism in the individual human being. "But the greatest of these is charity" has been a religious precept from which no civilized people can depart without losing its soul. Governments practice charity solely because it rises from that spark in the hearts of the people. The day when altruism in the individual dies from lack of opportunity for expression, it will die in the government. At best, charity by government must be

formal, statistical and mechanistic. We need charity in its real sense—from the heart.

There is a sixth reason. The world is in the grip of a death struggle between the philosophy of Christ and that of Hegel and Marx. The philosophy of Christ is a philosophy of compassion. The outstanding spiritual distinction of our civilization from all others is compassion. With us it is the noblest expression of man. Those who serve receive an untold spiritual benefit.

The day we decide that the government is our brother's keeper, that day the spirit of compassion will have been lost. If we abandon private charity, we will have lost something vital to America's material, moral and spiritual welfare.

But a simpler answer than all this lies in the parable of the Good Samaritan. He did not enter into governmental or philosophic discussion. It is said that when he saw the helpless man "he had compassion on him . . . he bound his wounds . . . and took care of him."



Socialism in England

THE walls of the prison close in day by day; the area of enterprise shrinks. Day by day the ceiling of opportunity is lowered. We prisoners are charged more for the expense of the multiplying jailers. Food and drink diminish in quantity and quality month by month. There is no incentive to bold undertakings except a heartless propaganda which urges all dogs collectively to jump the moon while keeping each dog chained. Socialism, as now interpreted here in England, is competition without prizes, boredom without hope, war without victory, and statistics without end.

London Sunday Times.

*You scrounge and sweat and
you come up with beauty*

Odds-and-Ends Church

By RICHARD LEONARD

Condensed from the *Milwaukee Journal**

ST. PETER's Catholic Church at Eagle River, in Wisconsin's north woods, was built with "odds and ends and the grace of God." Even the statue of St. Peter is unconventional: here, in a county that has more than 1,000 lakes stocked with game fish, the saint clasps a tablet bearing the likeness of a muskie.

Just because St. Peter's is made of scrap materials and discarded equipment doesn't mean it's not a beautiful structure. The outside has English gothic towers, a Lannon-stone façade, and stainless steel crosses. The inside has dark stained woodwork and gleaming white acoustical tile.

But the wonder of the church is not its construction or furnishing, but rather the story of a stalwart priest who raised up a sturdy new building for a bankrupt parish. Only 12 years ago creditors were clamoring to collect parish debts totaling more than \$40,000. The old frame church, built in 1890, and all its property were actually foreclosed. Times were

hard in the 30's, you remember: farmers were losing their farms, businesses were failing.

It was then that Father Eric C. Kemerling, now 53, arrived in Eagle River. He economized. Tourists came north again. Farm prices improved. In 1946, the parish started to think about a new church. In 1947, the parishioners pledged \$60,000.

Father Kemerling showed architect's sketches for the proposed building to contractors. All the bids were prohibitive, \$250,000 to \$300,000. Discourag-

ed, the priest first decided to call off the project. Then he changed his mind—and became a contractor himself. He bought bricks and concrete, hired laborers, borrowed and rented construction equipment, and pitched in with the workmen.

Following their priest's example, parishioners helped dig the foundation and erect the reinforced-concrete frame. They helped lay brick, Indiana limestone, and Lannon stone. They helped place the heavy rub-



**Milwaukee, Wis. Oct. 9, 1949.*

ber tile on the floor and installed the new pews.

By the end of 1948, the towers were up, but funds were running low. Corners had to be cut still more closely.

The city was then replacing its old-fashioned street lights. Father Kemerling bought the old lights for \$10 each. He sawed off the posts and sold them for scrap metal at slightly more than \$10 each, making enough profit on the lot to pay for converting the globe parts of some into fixtures for the church. Two of the globes were placed at the main entrance. Eight others were turned upside down and suspended from the ceiling by portions of truck skid chains adorned with wooden ornaments.

A church-goods house asked \$1,500, far more than the priest could spare, for a Communion railing. Father Kemerling waded through local junk yards looking for lengths of scrap metal that could be twisted into a pattern. He picked up fragments from old automobiles and other bits of discarded metal, which were shaped and welded into an ornamental railing. Total cost, \$300. The priest himself did some of the welding. He learned that during the 1st World War. Too young then to join the armed services, he had worked as a welder in a factory.

With the building well on the way to completion, the time arrived to start thinking about an organ. The cost of new instruments was "out of this world," so he started looking for someone who wished to sell a secondhand organ cheap.

He found just what he wanted languishing in a warehouse. The manager of a large city movie house had bought it, shortly before talkies came along, to accompany his silent pictures. The enormous white elephant was donated to Father Kemerling and shipped to Eagle River. The pipes of the great organ now fill both towers of the church and the priest has yet to turn it on full blast. Stepped down to half volume, it can be heard for blocks.

Father Kemerling can't conceal his admiration for this big instrument. It is with a look of remorse that he says, "We had to take off the snare drums and jingle bells."

The mayor of Eagle River, Arthur J. DeNoyer, contributed his wood-working skill to the church project. He built side altars, a canopy for the main altar, and a grille for the organ.

Additional rummaging around in junk yards and old houses produced radiators and pipes to heat the church. Mats for the entrance hall came from a defunct tavern. The altar from the old church was given what the priest calls "a new look" and brought over.

A canopy for the side entrance of the church came intact from the old mansion of a lumber baron. Equipment for the basement kitchen was found in an abandoned CCC camp.

Brand new, however, was the marble statue of St. Peter. Father Kemerling's classmates at St. Michael's school in Milwaukee gave that to the church. Father Kemerling says that his friends ordered it especially made from an Italian firm because they knew the

muskie would please him. St. Peter was a fisherman, so it was quite appropriate. So that everything would be just right, the Milwaukeeans enclosed, along with their specifications, pictures of muskies for Italian workmen who had never fished in Wisconsin.

The church, which finally cost considerably less than half of the lowest contractor's bid, was completed last March. It was on Passion Sunday that the old movie organ blared forth and the inverted street lamps shone as the doors were first thrown open so that people of all faiths could marvel at the church "filled with junk" and financed on faith.

Since that day, Father Kemerling

has been able to settle down to the routine business of his parish, which embraces most of the Vilas county lake and woodland he loves. He was reared in Milwaukee, but he grew to like the north woods as a result of boyhood fishing trips. As soon as he was ordained in 1922, he headed north. After 15 years at Amery in Polk county, he came to Eagle River.

"Oh, I've visited Milwaukee several times since I came up here," he explains, "but I get lonesome for the chipmunks and the woodchucks, and hurry back." Now that his church is completed, he doubts that "anything in this world" could lure him away from the parish where St. Peter clasps a muskie.



Weapons for Offense

QUITE recently a scientist was asked about weapons upon which we should place our major reliance in World War III. His reply was, "I do not know. The development of weapons for destruction is now going on at such a pace that no one could make such a selection with assurance. However, this I do know: the weapons for World War IV will be bows and arrows."

Paul G. Hoffman at the AFL Convention, 1949.



Weapons for Defense

ONE of the scientists working on the atomic project at Oak Ridge, Tenn., was asked what he did to keep himself occupied. "I work all day at the lab," he replied, "and most of the evenings I spend with the Association of Engineers and Scientists, a society made up of atomic-energy experts."

"And what else?"

"After that," he replied without a smile, "I pray."

Kup in the Chicago *Sun-Times* quoted in *Coronet* (July '49).

The secretary-treasurer of the CIO says the real cold war is being waged for control of free American labor.

The Communists Are After Labor

By JAMES B. CAREY

Condensed from *The Sign**

I HAVE been active in the labor movement 17 years. Those 17 years have been devoted to a constant double struggle. I have been forced to fight both communists and those responsible for the degrading social conditions of which the communists take advantage.

In all that time, I can truthfully say that I have received little effective assistance from business management or from my government. Every time *bona fide* labor leaders have obtained an improvement in the living standards of American workers, the gain has been credited by business management, by politicians, and by the press to "left-wing influence" in the American labor movement. When business and civic leaders, some of them Catholics, do this, they run interference for the Communist party. They're advising workers that their greatest material gain will come from becoming communists.

Back in 1931, in his encyclical on *Reconstructing the Social Order*, Pope Pius XI criticized the heedlessness of "neutrals" who let tenets of communism become widespread, and the folly of those who neglect to remove bad social conditions. Pius pointed out that the graver responsibility

for the growth of communism lies with those who can, but do not, remedy the social conditions in which alone communism can thrive.

There are two common but glaringly false ideas on this subject. One is that the Church should confine its activities to the pulpit and not interfere in "business." The other is that labor organizations should confine themselves strictly to wages, hours, and working conditions, and keep entirely out of general economic affairs and politics. But the Church and labor are the forces in human society which can most effectively deal with communism.

The struggle with communism is taking place at the level of the workingman. The Communist party is not trying to infiltrate the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Investment Bankers Association, the Knights of Columbus, or the Daughters of the American Revolution. They are after our labor unions, not only in this country, but in every other country. If now and again they can pick up a political office, they do so. But the concentrated attack is on the labor organizations. The ultimate goal is to absorb the organized labor movement into the Communist party.

It can happen here. It has already happened in Russia, in the satellite nations, and it is a present grave threat in France and Italy, where the central labor bodies are now dominated by communists. Resistance is being made in France and Italy, but it is not being made by business interests or by government. It is being waged by a courageous, militant, right-wing minority in the labor movement itself. Communists in both of those countries get the same type of auxiliary aid they get in this country from persons who should know better. Neither government nor business is really doing anything to raise wages and lower living costs.

The communist does not walk into the local union meeting with a volume of Karl Marx clutched in his fist. That is a downright silly notion, and yet it is amazing how many people entertain it.

Your communist proceeds in quite another fashion. He gives his close personal attention to workers' grievances. If the current wages in a given plant are unjust, he makes the attainment of better wages his mission. If the working conditions are bad, he uses that. He uses unsolved grievances with deadly effect. He will identify himself with the *bona fide* trade-union leadership for that purpose. He will devote his days and his nights to the short-term effort, never mentioning his long-range program of taking over the local labor organization and making it a tool for the world Communist party.

His zeal will attract to him a number of workers with real grievances,

and if these aren't enough to weld into a group within the union, the communist will sell additional workers some fancied grievances. He will create grievances. He will use any and every method, regardless of the treachery and deceit involved.

The communist boring from within the union local does not confine himself to strict economic issues lying between the management and the union. He devotes a considerable amount of his time to social questions, such as racial and religious prejudices. The communist has in mind no real improvement in the field of economic, political, and community equality. His technique in this field is deceit. He loudly proclaims the sin, but proposes an unreasonable solution. Here, he has a double purpose. He wants to win to himself the victims of racial discrimination, and at the same time prevent any solution whatsoever.

When the time comes for the communist to move actively against the leadership of a local union, he engages in a campaign of name calling directed at the honest leaders. They are accused of lack of "militancy," of "dealing under the table with the bosses," of "selling the interests of the workers down the river." And, as I have observed before, the communist campaign is too often given support by civic and political leaders when they credit the communists with all of the progress made by labor.

I and other members of the CIO realized back in 1942 that a cold war was bound to follow the shooting war,

and that the domain set aside for capture by the Soviet Union was the world labor movement. Quite frankly, we believed then as we believe now, that this type of cold war is far more important than any cold war carried on at the diplomatic level. Eliminate the cold war in the labor movements of the world, we say, and you make a cold war at the diplomatic level a complete impossibility. The basic fact is easily stated. The force that controls the labor movement in any country will control the economy and political structure of that country.

If this statement be challenged, I suggest that the doubting Thomases read the history of what happened in Germany when Hitler came to power. The first organizations singled out by Hitler for destruction were the German labor unions. The workers' organizations, no longer free trade unions, were grouped together in what might best be called political company unions, stripped of all power to make democratic decisions and carry them out.

In Russia (and I have been there three times dealing with the union officials) trade unions are no more, no less, than political company unions like the unions of the German Labor Front.

It is unfortunate that we have in this country and in the other so-called free democracies, large, powerful elements who seemingly approve of this type of union suppression. German industrialists hailed with acclaim Hitler's Labor Front. They didn't know

at the time that they were next on the list. There are men in the U. S. who will denounce communism one day and on the next day support legislation designed to sovietize the American labor movement. They want ultra-conservative labor unions. They will find precisely that kind of union in Russia today.

Not long ago in Berlin a strike of transportation workers successfully tied up the railroads entering Berlin. Even the American press could not conceal the fact that the issue in the strike was wholly economic. The workers struck for a real wage in West marks that would enable them to meet the needs of their families, as against the scrip money represented by the so-called East mark issued by the Reds. It was apparent to everyone, including the American Military government and informed public opinion, that it was a just fight that could be settled only by a just agreement.

Let's now take a look at the crowd that commits all its crimes in the name of the workingman. The communists in East Berlin didn't even stop to put on their shoes as they rushed across that city to take jobs as strikebreakers. Furthermore, they were backed in their strikebreaking by the Red Army.

Throughout that strike, Vasili Kuznetsov, top man in the Soviet labor unions, remained completely silent as to what aid and assistance the so-called Russian labor movement was giving its embattled fellow workers in West Berlin.

It's high time that government, busi-

ness, and the press in general wake up to the facts of life. I do not include religion in this indictment. While it is true that many so-called reactionaries are still preaching rugged individualism under the guise of religion, others are working zealously for a real brotherhood of man based on justice and charity. Sincere men and women recognize that only a strong, organized labor movement can cope successfully with communism because the attack of the communists is being made at the level of the workingman.

You cannot get contented, secure

workingmen and women into the Communist party. The worker asks only a fair return on his labor, decent hours and working conditions, medical care, education for his children, and the right to make his own decisions under the democratic process. Above all, he wants to be left alone. He resents interference in his affairs by industry and government officials. All men of good will are agreed that he can attain these objectives only through a free organization established and run by himself in accord with the common good.



*What is the U. S. really up
against when it faces communism?*

The Communists Are After the Kids

By DR. J. B. MATTHEWS

Condensed from the *American Legion Magazine**

WHEN AN OUTFIT called subversive by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities goes in for Christmas carols you may expect surprising results. And surprising results there were when People's Songs, Inc., came up with their version of a Christmas carol in December, 1946. Judge for yourself:

When Jesus came to town, the working
folks around

Believed what He did say;
The bankers and the preachers they

nailed Him on a cross,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His
grave.

Poor working people, they follered Him
around,

Sung and shouted gay;
Cops and the soldiers they nailed Him
in the air,

And they laid Jesus Christ in His
grave.

This song was written in New York City,
Of rich men, preachers and slaves;
If Jesus was to preach like He preached
in Galilee,

They would lay Jesus Christ in His
grave.

*1 Park Ave., New York City. December, 1949.

This can be considered a fair sample of the work being done to bring the class struggle to the kids. Naturally, in this "carol" there is no hint of "peace on earth to men of good will" since the aims are otherwise. Beatrice Landeck, writing in one of the monthly issues of *People's Songs*, provided the key when she said: "It is surprising how much of the meaning of a song is absorbed by a child while singing it. I know one child of a wealthy family who heard the recording *Union Maid*, who plagues her father constantly by singing, 'I'm sticking to the union.' *The House I Live In* and *Free and Equal Blues* make a deeper and more lasting impression than 20 lectures on the same subject."

Miss Landeck's remarks show pretty clearly what *People's Songs* aims to do to U. S. children. However, this is just one organization of many which are busily working to the same end.

Some years ago, the communists put out a pamphlet on tactics toward children. The title of the pamphlet is *The Road to Mass Organization of Proletarian Children*. It bears the imprint of the Young Communist League of the U. S.

This pamphlet contains the key to present-day communist efforts to win over the children of America. "To liven up our mass work such forms as the living newspapers, entertainments, demonstrations, films, lantern slides, mass games, excursions, rambles, public reading of the children's press, festivals and camps, are good means."

All over the U. S. there are summer camps for children which are run by the communists and the numerous organizations which are under communist control. The number of such camps runs into the hundreds. During the summer of 1949, not fewer than 50,000 American children went to those communist-controlled camps. Those who follow the *Daily Worker*, the Communist party's newspaper, can easily learn the names and locations of some of those summer camps which take children. For instance, at Wanaque, N. J., we find Camp Midvale under the direction of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, a communist-front organization which has been listed by the attorney general as subversive. Camp Villa Buena Vista at Cornwallville, N. Y., is recommended by the Cervantes Society, a branch of the International Workers Order, which the attorney general says is subversive.

Everybody connected with the Young People's Record club, listed as subversive by the California Committee on Un-American Affairs, has a record of affiliation with communist organizations. What about the phonograph records they distribute? One is a song entitled *Building a City*. In this song, the tots are told how a city is made possible by members of the proletariat, those who work with their hands. The fellow who digs with the steam shovel, the man who pushes the wheelbarrow, the carpenter, the painter, and the operator of the steamroller who helps to build the streets are the

only ones who receive mention in *Building a City*. There isn't even a hint that manufacturers, construction companies, bankers, architects, draftsmen, or capitalist enterprisers have anything to do with "building a city."

Hundreds of elementary schools have subscribed to the output of the Young People's Record club. Its records are advertised as selected for two age groups: two to six, seven to 11.

Stage for Action, cited as subversive by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, specializes in the so-called "living newspaper" type of drama for both children and adults. Stage for Action, always highly touted in the *Daily Worker*, has commanded the services of Norman Corwin, Ben Hecht, Arthur Miller, Millard Lampell, and Earl Robinson, all of whom have frequently placed their talents and prestige at the disposal of communist outfits. The plays produced by Stage for Action uniformly, though subtly, follow the "line" of the Communist party.

As might be expected, the communists and their front organizations have not neglected comic strips and comic books. Naturally, the class-struggle angle is worked into this powerful medium of propaganda.

The most impressive attempt in the comic book field for left-wing indoctrination of children has been made by the *Protestant* magazine, a vehemently pro-communist and anti-Catholic publication cited as subversive by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. The *Protestant's*

comic books have appeared under the title of *The Challenger*. The "party line" is deftly woven into them. On the back cover of the books, there is a plan for organizing children into "Challenger" clubs. "Get together at least ten young people who have signed the Challenger pledge card," the cover urges. The pledge talks about "faith in the new world born out of the most tragic of wars." The initiated will have no difficulty in recognizing the *Challenger's* "new world" as the bloc of Soviet states.

Although communists and their front organizations have gone in for propaganda media which feature emotional appeals—camps, phonograph recordings, songs, theater, and comics—it should go without saying that their primary drive for children has been in the schools and school textbooks.

The communists have set down their aims with respect to our American schools and school children in black and white where all may read. Thus, in the pages of the *Communist*, official organ of the Communist party, we find the following: "A people's movement around the schools can thus transform the latter into popular forums for progressive social action—ultimately into forums for the revolution." Schools as forums for the revolution! That is precisely what the communists have been working toward these many years.

Concerning the secrecy in concealing their Communist-party membership, the *Communist* says, "Communi-

nist teachers are, therefore, faced with a tremendous social responsibility. They must take advantage of their positions, without exposing themselves." And, "Only when teachers have really mastered Marxism-Leninism will they be able skillfully to inject it into their teaching at the least risk of exposure."

Stalin's infiltration of our schools has as its over-all objective the undermining of the loyalty of American children to their traditions, their way of life, and their form of government. The tactics involve: 1. the enlistment of teachers in communist and communist-front organizations; 2. putting out Soviet propaganda through school textbooks and classroom instruction; 3. the organization of students into communist fronts and auxiliaries. In other words, the Kremlin's plans call for the U. S. being softened up for a moral, intellectual, and eventually a military Pearl Harbor.

The injection of pro-Soviet propaganda into school textbooks is not limited to those used in colleges and universities. It is designed for the textbooks of elementary schools as well. In 1945, Doubleday and Co., Inc., published a textbook designed for use in elementary schools, its title *We Are the Government*, its author one Mary Elting. The volume has been approved for use in the public schools of some of our largest cities. Here is a fair sample of the ideological orientation of Miss Elting's book, in what she has to say about the Constitution: "Other people in other countries read

the Constitution and were excited by it. Almost immediately our Constitution began to have influence outside the U. S. Other countries, including Switzerland, Liberia, and the Soviet Union, have been adapting its ideas ever since."

The only "excitement" the Soviet Union has ever had with respect to our Constitution is to destroy it and the freedoms which rest upon it. There is no mystery as to why Mary Elting wrote as she did in this elementary-school textbook. For five years, from 1937 to 1942, she was an instructor in the Communist Party Workers school.

The Communist party has for years had auxiliaries and front organizations especially aimed at the enlistment of young people. These organizations frequently change their names. At the present time, the principal auxiliary for young people is known as the Labor Youth league, successor to the Young Communist league and the American Youth for Democracy. It has approximately 8,000 members.

This communist education program for children in *The Road to Mass Organization of Proletarian Children* included the following: "The decisive turn towards mass work must be particularly expressed in atheist groups."

Again the program announced, "Our children's leagues must make it their task to explain to the masses of children the importance of defending the fatherland of the proletarian children all over the world, the USSR, and the role and significance of the Red Army as an army of the world

proletariat." American children are to be trained in loyalty to the Soviet Union and treason to the U. S.!

The party's program declared that its children's organizations "can organize shooting practice, exercises and military games with the object of developing the faculties of self-defense among working-class children." Bluntly, that means training for civil war!

A strange fallacy is abroad in our land. It is the fallacy that communism is simply a very radical social doctrine. It is nonsense to look upon the present world struggle as one of ideology versus ideology. The communism with which we are concerned in 1949 is not primarily an ideology but the embodiment of brute force seeking world conquest.



Flights of Fancy

Pessimistic Indian: One who walks around with a wet blanket.

—McCall Spirit.

Dawn knelt shyly in the chapel.

—The Simpleton.

A radio in the living room, talking to itself.

—Nancy Vamas.

Waited, with used-up smiles, for the guests to go.

—Harry E. Reece.

Her voice was soft water falling on old moss.

—Hal Boyle.

He worked like a dike mender.

—Edward Streeter.

A morning sun busy defrosting pumpkins.

—Percy Keller.

Child writing slowly, with tongue-chewing care.

—Mary Tinley Daly.

She looked at him as if he were a side dish she hadn't ordered.

—Ring Lardner.

Missed an invaluable opportunity to hold his tongue.

—A Sister.

The little Byzantine church, a jewel box grown dim with cherishing.

—Newsweek.

Short-legged gray mountains.

—Newsweek.

Thunder prowled the sky.

—John Evans.

A stack of weary one-dollar bills.

—Christine Maddox.

Raindrop jewels strung on a bare clothesline.

—Michael McLaverty.

A gull doodling endless circles on gray foolscap.

—Chicago Tribune.

Snow lay drifted like whipped egg whites against the fences.

—Laverne Gay.

Sentry marching his shadow back and forth.

—Ted Bentz.

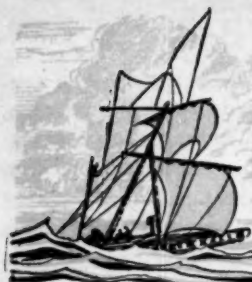
Commuters in a clockeyed world.

—John Cameron Swayze.

Fat, marshmallowy hands.

—W. Justin Sipsey.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



Scientists do what Polynesians
did a couple thousand years ago

Ocean Trek on a Raft

By THOR HEYERDAHL

Condensed from the *Open Road for Boys**

THE tugboat *Guardian Rio* towed a clumsy raft out of the harbor of Callao, Peru, and left it adrift. It was April 28, 1948. The six of us aboard the raft had a single hope—that wind and current would push us far out into the Pacific. We were bound for Polynesia.

Leading officials of many nations had bidden us hearty farewell. We had no desire to establish a world record in hazardous ocean drift. Yet the betting went high.

Some claimed that we would be picked up off the coast in a few days or never be seen again. The nine logs of porous balsa wood upon which we floated would break asunder in the heavy swells. Or they would get waterlogged and sink before we were even half way to Polynesia, 4,000 miles from Peru. We would be at the mercy of waves and weather and be lost in the first storm. Ropes were no good, and the complete lack of nails, pegs, and wire in our raft would allow it to tear to pieces as soon as its hempen lashings chafed. Even though the raft should prove seaworthy, it would still not be navigable, with its clumsy, square sail and primitive steering oar.

All these sinister but well-meant warnings haunted my mind the first night out. When I tried to sleep, I realized how everything was in motion; I noticed especially the restless movement of the bamboo mat on which we lay on top of the great logs. Each time the stern was lifted, I saw dancing black hills of water silhouetted against the stars as they chased along both sides of our raft, whitecaps hissing at us as they passed. At regular intervals heavy seas washed astern, but I noticed with comfort how the water, after whirling up to the waists of the two steersmen, instantly fell between the open logs or over the sides. The seas fell in a pit before they could reach the unprotected plaited-bamboo hut lashed on deck a few feet from the stern. We struggled to hold the stern to the weather and never let the seas in from the sides.

Gradually I felt happy and proud of our peculiar craft. But I could not quite get away from the complaining music of ropes.

I was not a sailor, and only one of my companions was experienced in handling an ordinary boat at sea. I was, nevertheless, convinced that our

raft could float across the ocean to some Polynesian shore. I felt certain that this same ocean route had been covered before by prehistoric men on the same type of craft.

Already in 1937, after leaving the University of Oslo, I had studied the lonely Marquesas islands in the Southeast Pacific. What I found led me to suspect that men from early Central or South America had somehow preceded the present Polynesians in this area. Striking similarities have been noted in the cultures of South America and Polynesia. They include two of the important cultivated plants, the sweet potato and the bottle gourd. There can be no possibility of any land bridge having existed in human times.

I was instantly met by one killing argument: how could the Peruvians have covered the thousands of miles of ocean in open balsa rafts? Rafts were their only vessels. To me, there was only one satisfactory answer: to try such a raft.

I selected five volunteers to join me on the voyage. Herman Watzinger was a technical engineer; he directed the building of the raft, guided by detailed accounts and sketches left in the earliest records after the conquest of Peru.

Nine balsa logs were lashed together. The bow took an organ-pipe design, the longest log in the middle measuring 45 feet and projecting beyond the others both in front and stern. In the stern it supported a big chunk of balsa holding tholepins for the steering oar. Of the two-foot cross section

of these logs, more than half was submerged; but nine smaller crossbeams of light balsa covered with bamboo lifted the highest portion of the deck (including the hut floor) 18 inches above the sea. Two hardwood masts side by side, with square sail; five centerboards two feet wide and six feet deep, inserted at irregular intervals between the logs; and a long wooden steering oar astern completed our replica of the colorful prehistoric craft.

We named our raft *Kon-Tiki* in honor of the mythical sun king of the Incas. According to legend, local tribes drove him and his light-colored people down to the coast, whence they fled into the Pacific, never again to return to Peru. Throughout the Polynesian islands, Tiki is remembered as the mythical hero first in the line of aboriginal chiefs to settle the islands and to claim direct descent from the sun. The Peruvian prefix *kon* means sun.

Our ages ranged from 25 to 32. Watzinger, second in command, was in charge of testing and hydrographic and meteorologic measurements. Erik Hesselberg, an artist, plotted our drift. Our radio operators were Knut Haugland and Torstein Raaby, both famous for sabotage activities in the last war. Bengt Danielsson, lonely Swede on our Norwegian expedition, was an ethnologist from the University of Uppsala.

Our voyage would carry us through an ocean span that was very little known, since it was outside all the usual shipping lanes. We had therefore been requested to make continuous

observations and send them via amateur radio to the U. S. Weather bureau. But unless we should use the radio for calling help, it would not alter the primitive conditions of our experiment.

The first weeks at sea were hard. We had to battle with the clumsy steering oar. But we were soon caught by the offshore trade winds, and then we could sail before the wind. Now there was no going back.

After the first weeks we came into calmer seas with long, rolling swells. The ocean was dotted with whitecaps, and trade-wind clouds drifted across the blue sky. We had soft days with swimming and rest, and we traveled in comfort. Our drift turned from northwest to west as we left the cold, green Humboldt current and entered the warm, blue South Equatorial current. We made as much as 72 miles in one day, with a daily average of 42 miles for the voyage.

We found little wear on the ropes. The balsa was too soft to chafe them. In case of friction, a rope would soon work itself into the waterlogged surface of the balsa logs and thus remain protected. But splinters cut from the surface of the logs were so waterlogged they sank when thrown overboard. This was discomfiting.

The first real excitement we ran into after entering the South Equatorial current was that large monster of the seas, the rare but famous whale shark. Accompanied by a shoal of pilot fish, one such giant slowly caught up with us from astern, and the water

splashed around his white speckled back as though on a small reef. He bumped into the steering oar and placed his huge, froglike head with tiny eyes and a five-foot mouth right up against the raft. Once his head appeared on one side of the raft, and his tail on the other. He must have been about 45 feet long.

He kept us company for several hours. The excitement on board was great, with everybody prepared with spears, hand harpoons, and motion-picture camera. Finally our excited navigator ran his harpoon with all his strength into the head of the monster. During the terrific commotion the shark dived, broke the harpoon, snapped the rope, and disappeared.

Occasionally we ran into schools of whales. The huge, snorting animals rolled right up beside us without the slightest fear. They could have splintered our raft with a single blow of their tails, but after showing us how well they could swim, they left us behind.

Some 600 miles southwest of the Galápagos we were twice visited by giant sea turtles. One was under constant attack by a dozen furious dolphins which tried to snap at his neck and fins. Sighting the raft, the turtle made its way right up to our side, but swam away as soon as it saw us. Three of us, with rope, pursued the turtle in a tiny, inflatable rubber float, but our visitor escaped while the bewildered dolphins concentrated all their attention on the bouncing little float.

Although we spent 101 days drifting

on our raft, we never sighted a ship or any floating debris. If a ship had crossed our path during an average day at sea, it would have found us slowly dancing over rolling swells. A tanned and bearded man would have been sighted at the stern, either desperately struggling with the ropes of a long steering oar or, if the wind were steady, dozing in the sun. Bengt would be found on his stomach in the doorway of the hut reading one of his 73 sociological books. Herman would be seen at the top of the mast, underneath the logs, or running around with instruments to measure wind and water. Knut and Torstein were always struggling with the weather-beaten radio sets, repairing damage and sending our reports at night to amateur stations that could hear our signals. Erik was always mending sail and splicing rope, and sketching fishes and bearded men alike. And each noon he grabbed his sextant and gazed at the sun to determine how far we had moved since the day before. I was writing the logs, collecting plankton for food experimentation, and fishing or filming.

The day started with a glorious sunrise over the sea, the cook being relieved by the last night watchman to collect the flying fish that had flown on board during the night. We fried these on a small primus stove and devoured them at the edge of the raft. Extra flying fish were used as bait for the great colorful dolphin fish that followed the raft day in and day out across the ocean. Dolphins that we did not eat were used as bait for the great

sharks that calmly swam around us day and night. When the sea was high, we could see them sideways as though through a perpendicular glass wall raised high above the level of the raft. Then the raft tipped up and let the water and the slowly moving sharks pass beneath us. They never seemed vicious except when we cleaned fish, and they scented blood. Then they would wake up in a fury. We never quite trusted them, and in one day we pulled aboard nine 6 to 10-foot sharks just to dispose of their intimate company.

When we slid the sharks up onto our shallow and slippery logs, the remoras, clinging to the sharks' skin by suction, would jump off and attach themselves to the side of the raft; and the pilot fish, having lost their king and master, would find a substitute in *Kon-Tiki*, joining us in nice formation before the bow. If a big blue shark passed, they would occasionally follow him away, but more than 40 of them piloted us right across the ocean.

We carried our rations lashed to the logs beneath the bamboo deck. But it was still of great importance to find out whether primitive man would have been able to renew his supply of food and water on such a long-lasting drift. The answer is Yes. After the fourth day at sea, there was not a single day throughout the journey when we were not accompanied by dolphin fish. They kept to the side of the raft or beneath us and could be fished, speared or hooked whenever we desired. Edible barnacles and sea-

weeds grew all over the huge logs and could be picked like garden greens. They often housed tiny, edible pelagic crabs or very small fishes. And of the flying fish, a dozen or more, often accompanied by baby squids, came aboard almost every night, sailing through the air in schools right above the surface if pursued by dolphins or sharks. Twice in mid-ocean on dark nights, a long snake-like fish with huge eyes and carnivorous jaws jumped right among our sleeping bags inside the bamboo hut and caused a great commotion. It was probably the *Gempylus*. We were possibly the first scientists to see one alive; only a couple of skeletons on South American shores had ever been found before. Soaked shark meat, delicious bonito, and yellow-fin tuna completed our seafood menu and made it clear enough that early, hardy raftsmen were not menaced by hunger.

We carried 200 coconuts and samples of the Peruvian sweet potato and gourd. Those not eaten en route were successfully planted upon our arrival on the islands, to prove that they could be carried on a raft without loss of germinating power. Those prehistoric food plants could never have drifted across the ocean without human care, and the aboriginal name for sweet potato was *kumara*, both in Peru and on the Polynesian islands. Our plain Peruvian spring water was preserved for more than two months before the first gourds began to rot. By then we had entered a part of the ocean where drizzles were frequent and rains occa-

sional, and we were able to collect sufficient rain water for our daily needs. We consumed a ton of water on the journey, along with more than ample rations, and the buoyancy of the bamboo logs would have permitted us to double our water supply in easily stored bamboo canes under the deck. For salt, we could mix up to 40% of sea water with our drinking water without evil effects. Like our early predecessors and many sailors shipwrecked during the war, we found several simple methods of abstracting the thirst-quenching juice from raw fish, a supply that never ran short.

By the 45th day we were exactly halfway to the first islands, more than 2,000 miles from any shore.

We hit two storms when we approached the end of the journey. The first lasted one day and the second five. With sail down and ropes shrieking, *Kon-Tiki* rode the breaking ocean like a duck. The second storm had just begun when Herman went overboard. When visible again, he was seen struggling behind the stern. He struck for the blade of the steering oar, but a strong wind pushed us forward. We could not turn; we could not even stop our stubborn craft. The rubber float would blow like a feather ahead of the raft if put to sea in such a wind. We threw out a life belt, once, twice, but it blew right back on board. Herman, our best swimmer, was being left farther and farther behind. With a line in hand, Knut leaped in, and slowly the two friends worked their way toward each other. Thirty yards behind

the raft they joined hands, and the four of us on board pulled them in.

At the end of the 3rd month, we were constantly visited by Polynesian frigate birds and boobies. Then we sighted a rising cumulo-nimbus cloud, revealing existence of some hidden, sun-baked isle beneath the horizon. We steered for the cloud as best we could and on the 93rd day were passing the tiny atoll of Pukapuka, but wind and current balked a landing. We had covered 4,000 miles of ocean heading west, and yet we could not force ourselves four miles to the east to reach the island. More than ever was this a plain and unmistakable lesson: in this ocean a drifting craft and a natural migration would inevitably be pushed westward. We sat quietly on our raft and saw the little speck of land slide away.

On the 97th day another island grew up out of the ocean, straight ahead of us. We saw from the top of the mast that a roaring reef was twisted like a submerged snake all around the island, blocking approach to palm-clad beaches. All day long we struggled to keep clear of the boiling reef and yet stay close enough to enter an opening in it.

Late in the afternoon we sighted the first natives on a beach. We hoisted all our flags in joy. We saw a great commotion on the beach, and shortly after, the first Polynesians slid in small outrigger canoes through a passage in the reef and swarmed aboard the *Kon-Tiki*. A strong wind blew up, and our ocean raft struggled away from land

as the sun set. We made a desperate fight against the elements, assisted by friendly natives. As night fell, a great fire was lit on shore to show us the direction of the entrance through the reef. But the wind won another battle. When the glare of the great fire dwindled like a spark in the distance, our excited friends jumped into their canoes to return to their homes on Angatau for fear of drifting with some crazy strangers into the open sea. We drifted farther into the heart of the Tuamotu, or Dangerous archipelago.

One night an unusual motion of the raft awakened me, and I suspected land ahead. Next morning, our 101st at sea, we were alarmed by the lookout atop the mast, who had sighted an enormous coral reef ahead. It was the treacherous 20-mile reef of Raroia atoll, white spray shooting high.

As we rode directly into this boiling inferno, we had three hours to prepare for any eventuality. We lowered sail and threw out an improvised anchor, that kept sliding along the bottom. We carried valuable cargo into the hut and lashed it fast in watertight bags. We cut off all ropes holding the centerboards in position and pulled them up to get a shallow draft. With shoes on for the first time in 100 days, we concentrated on the last order: "Hang onto the raft whatever happens!"

We struck. The first walls of thundering water broke down upon us from above. Tons of it tore up the deck, flattened the hut, broke the hardwood mast like a match, and splintered the steering oar and stern crossbeam.

while we were thrown in and dragged out, thrown in and dragged out.

I felt the last of my strength giving way when a wave larger than the others lifted *Kon-Tiki* free of the water and tossed us high on the reef. Other waves pushed us closer to shore, until we could jump off the raft and wade the shallow coral reef to a tiny, uninhabited coconut island.

A week later we were found by natives who had detected from another island six miles across the lagoon the drift wreckage and the light from our

campfire. And about the same time *Kon-Tiki* was carried by high seas right across the solid reef and left becalmed inside the lagoon. The nine main logs that had carried us 4,300 miles across the ocean in 101 days were still intact. After a two-week Polynesian welcome party on lonely Raroia, our battered raft was towed to Tahiti by the French government schooner *Tamara*, which was sent to pick us up. From Tahiti the *Kon-Tiki* was carried back to the Norwegian Museum of Navigation in Oslo.



Child Hero

PAVLIK MOROSOV is a familiar figure to every child in the USSR. Seventeen years ago the village of Gherasimovka was being collectivized. Every handful of grain was taken from the peasants, even if it was the last. In Gherasimovka the 13-year-old Pioneer Pavlik Morosov guided the commission from cottage to cottage and pointed out where the inhabitants had hidden their meager store of provisions. Last of all he took the commission to the cottage of his own father. A few days previously he had denounced his own parents as enemies of the people.

The village was incensed at Pavlik's act. A few days later the boy disappeared and his corpse was found many weeks later in a hollow in the woods. Almost all the villagers were arrested, and although there was no evidence as to who had killed Pavlik, the NKVD court sentenced Pavlik's father, mother, two uncles and all the people who lived in the same lane with the Morosovs to death by shooting.

To this perverse and unnatural child the Soviet authorities have now raised a monument. Daily they are teaching their children to be like him, to inform on their parents, and "to be loyal to one father only—Stalin."

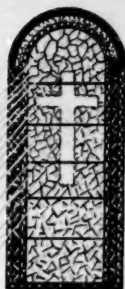
From the Newsletter from Behind the Iron Curtain (9 Sept. '49).

*A series of believe-it-or-not
items, but it's all true*

Women in Retreat

By EILEEN O'HARA

Condensed from the *Missionary Servant**



EVERY YEAR in May farmers who live near Cedar Falls, Iowa, begin phoning Mrs. John Lemmer. "When are you going to start having retreats?" they'll ask. "I want to plant corn, and I'd like to know when to plan on rain."

Ordinarily, there's no particular connection between rain and retreats. But Ruth Lemmer can hardly think of one without being reminded of the other. "It just pours during almost every retreat we have," she told me. "You're lucky to have come this weekend—if this nice weather lasts."

We were sitting in the dining room of her spic-and-span apartment and I was just finishing a piece of strawberry shortcake covered with thick cream. We had met only an hour before, when she came to pick me up at the airport, and already her gaiety and charm had won me. She refilled my coffee cup, and went on telling me about the unique retreat movement she started 12 years ago.

"It was just a brainstorm I had," she said. "I went to my pastor one day and told him we ought to start having retreats for women out at Riverview

park. He told me to go ahead and have them, if I could do it. So I got some of my friends together and we planned the first retreat."

Riverview park, she explained, is a Bible conference ground owned by the Evangelical church. They and other sects use it for meetings and discussions, but they use it only in midsummer. Employing all the graciousness and tact she has, Ruth Lemmer rented it for a week end in late spring. "Then we had to go out begging," she laughed. "We got towels and bedding from one of the hotels, and vestments and altar furnishings from St. Patrick's. We sent out publicity, of course, but at that we were surprised when 78 women came. And oh, did it rain."

Nobody minded the rain. In fact, most of the women made up their minds to come back the following year. Ruth Lemmer and her Catholic Women's Retreat league found themselves with an annual job on their hands. "And since then," she said, "it's just grown." At the present time, the league sponsors six or seven retreats a year, spring and fall, and includes a retreat for men, one for boys, and one

for married couples. They now have their own linens and altar supplies, and with the slight fee they charge, they just make expenses. "It's a lot of work," Ruth Lemmer told me, "and sometimes it's discouraging, but, gosh, it's a lot of fun." I noticed then how the determination in her clear, gray eyes could leave plenty of room for the laughter in them.

She showed me what I was especially eager to see—an award she received from the Pope two years ago. It is the medal *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*. From the humble, simple way she showed it to me, I guessed that probably no one had been more surprised than she when she received it.

Before we knew it, we had chatted the afternoon away, and it was time to leave for the retreat. John Lemmer, a kind, quiet man who is the essence of unstudied politeness, drove us out to the park, and stayed for the evening to help out. He likes to kid his wife gently about her undertaking, but you can see he is as enthusiastic about it as she.

When we arrived, I could see why Ruth Lemmer had chosen the spot for retreats. There are 40 or 50 summer cottages surrounded by a spacious, shady lawn; there are pavilions, a dormitory, a dining room, and a chapel. It is quiet; the only sound you hear is the roar of an occasional train passing below the bluff on which the park is situated.

Ruth Lemmer wanted me to understand how much she owed to the women who have helped her. "Their

fine cooperation is really what has made the retreats a success," she told me. We went into the dining hall, where the women were waiting to register, and she introduced me to some of the women and girls she is especially grateful to. I met Mrs. P. J. McIntee, present chairman of the league, Mrs. Elizabeth Nelson, and the pretty teen-agers Patricia Holbrook, Doris Weber, and Joan Carro.

She particularly wanted me to meet Mrs. J. W. Eades and her daughter, Peggy Eades Halvorsen. They are Baptists, and both give freely of their time and energy to help with retreats: Mrs. Eades is Ruth Lemmer's right-hand helper.

They are not the only Protestants who have gone out of their way to further the project. Cedar Falls is a Protestant town. Its population is 16,000; it has 21 Protestant churches and only one Catholic parish. Ruth Lemmer has made friends among her Protestant neighbors, and they have often given her more than their share of good will and tolerance. When members of the Evangelical church drew up plans for an altar in the chapel, they asked her beforehand how to build it to meet requirements for Mass. Some Protestants have even donated vestments and sacred vessels to the project.

Ruth Lemmer warned me that the accommodations were not sumptuous. But what the dormitory lacked in innerspring mattresses the kitchen made up for in meals. Mrs. Halvor Nielsen, a Cedar Falls cateress, who is also a

Protestant, was responsible for the delicious food.

The retreat, under the direction of Father Thomas J. Stemper, S.J., who is the dean of men at St. Louis university, lasted from Friday evening until Sunday afternoon. When 135 women keep silence for that length of time, you know they must have a serious reason for doing so. I asked Ruth Lemmer why people make retreats. She knew many of the individual reasons people had given her; she knew, too, the big, over-all reason for the recent, rapid growth of her retreat movement and of others like it: the age of anxiety is sending men back to God. She knew what the Pope has said, that retreats

will play a major part in making parishes live again.

It had been a good week end, everyone agreed when it was over—we had even been lucky enough to have beautiful weather. And many decided to come back next year. Perhaps by that time Ruth Lemmer's plan for a retreat house owned by Catholics will begin to materialize. She already has her eye on a certain tract of land, and chances are that before long she will have it, and start the plans for building. Whether that happens or not, Ruth Lemmer's job has been a big one. Her reward will come when she sees the early seedlings she planted in full bloom. That will be enough for her.



This Struck Me

IN THIS time of agitation man has suddenly become aware of the necessity of world government to insure in some way the preservation of the race. I was struck that St. Augustine,* 1500 years ago, praised the God-given universal Church as the answer to the problem which was even then threatening and is today reaching full fruition.

O Catholic Church, true Mother of Christians! Thou bindest brethren to brethren by the bond of religion, stronger and closer than the bond of blood. Thou unitest citizen to citizen, nation to nation, yea, all men, in a union not of companionship only, but of brotherhood, reminding them of their common origin. Thou teachest kings to care for their people, and biddest people to be subject to their kings. Thou teachest assiduously to whom honor is due, to whom love, to whom reverence, to whom fear, to whom comfort, to whom rebuke, to whom punishment; showing us that whilst not all things nor the same things are due to all, charity is due to all and offense to none.

**De Moribus Ecclesiae Catholicae*, Lib. I, c. 30.

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*The sin of bating fellow men seems to
have led to other sins and disgrace*

Konklave in Kokomo

By ROBERT COUGHLAN

Condensed chapter of a book*



ON A hot July day in central Indiana a great crowd of oddly dressed people clustered around an open meadow. A plane circled the field slowly and seesawed in for a bumpy landing. A bulky man in a robe and hood of purple silk hoisted himself up from the rear cockpit. A small delegation of dignitaries filed out toward the airplane.

The man in purple stepped forward. "Kigy" ("Klansmen, I greet you"), he said.

"Itsub" ("In the sacred, unailing bond"), they replied solemnly.

With the newcomer in the lead, the column went to a platform decked out with flags and bunting. The man in purple mounted the rostrum, and held up his right hand to hush the excited crowd.

"My worthy subjects, citizens of the Invisible Empire, Klansmen all, greetings!

"Here in this uplifted hand, where all can see, I bear an official document addressed to the Grand Dragon, Great Titans, Furies, Giants, Kleagles, King Kleagles, Exalted Cyclops, Terrors, and also to All Citizens of the Invisi-

ble Empire of the Realm of Indiana."

"It is signed by His Lordship, Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard, and duly attested.

"It continues me officially in my exalted capacity as Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire for the Realm of Indiana. It so proclaims me by Virtue of God's Unchanging Grace. So be it."

The Grand Dragon paused, inviting the cheers that thundered around him. Then he launched into a speech. He urged his audience to fight for "100% Americanism" and to thwart "foreign elements" that he said were trying to control the country. As he finished, a coin came spinning through the air. Someone threw another. Soon people were throwing rings, money, watch charms, anything bright and valuable. At last, when the tribute slackened, he motioned to his retainers to sweep up the treasure.

That day, July 4, 1923, was a high-water mark in the extraordinary career of David C. Stephenson, the object of those hysterics; and it was certainly one of the greatest days in the history of that extraordinary organization, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The

*The Aspirin Age, edited by Isabel Leighton. Copyright, 1949, by Simon and Schuster, Inc., 40 1230 6th Ave., New York City, 20. 492 pp. \$3.95.

occasion was a tri-state Konklave of Klan members from Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. The place was Melfalfa park, the meeting place, or Klavern, of the Klan chapter of Kokomo, Ind., the host city. Actually, although planned as a tri-state convention, it turned out to be the nearest thing to a rank-and-file national convention the Klan ever had. Cars showed up from almost every part of the country. The Klan's official estimate, which probably was not far wrong in this case, was that 200,000 members were there. Kokomo then had a population of about 30,000; the town was swamped.

The Konklave was an important day in my life. I was nine years old, with a small boy's interest in masquerades and brass bands. But I was also a Catholic, the son of a Catholic who taught in the public schools and who consequently was the object of a good deal of Klan agitation. If anything worse were to come, the Konklave probably would bring it. Every week or so the papers had been reporting Klan atrocities in other parts of the country, whippings, lynchings, tar-and-feather parties, and my father and his family were logical game in our locality.

Nevertheless, in a spirit of curiosity and bravado, my father suggested after our holiday lunch that we drive out to Melfalfa park to see what was happening. My mother's nervous objections were overcome; we all got into the family Chevrolet, and set out. We saw white-sheeted Klansmen everywhere; they had taken the town over.

But it was not until we were well out toward Melfalfa park that we could realize the size of the demonstration. The road was a creeping mass of cars. Since there was no way of turning back, we stayed with the procession, feeling increasingly conspicuous. Finally we came to a crossroad. We turned, and went home.

We missed seeing the Konklave close up. But the newspapers were full of it, and people who were there have been able to fill in the details for me. The Konklave started in midmorning with an address by a minister, the Rev. Mr. Kern of Covington, Ind. He spent most of his time warning against the machinations of Catholics and foreigners in the U. S. Then came patriotic band music, and the Rev. Everett Nixon of Kokomo gave the invocation. These preliminaries led to a speech by Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, national leader of the Klan. Dr. Evans talked on *Back to the Constitution*. In his view, the Constitution was in peril from foreigners and "foreign influences."

It was after lunch, at about 2 P.M., when the crowd was full of food and patriotic ecstasy, that D. C. Stephenson made his dramatic descent from the sky.

The rest of the day, after Stephenson's speech, was given over to sports, band concerts, and general holiday frolic. That night there was a parade down Main St. in Kokomo. There were 30 bands; but as usual in Klan parades there was no music, only the sound of drums. They rolled the slow,

heavy tempo of the march from the far north end of town to Foster park, where the Klan had put up a 25-foot "fiery cross."

Finally the biggest flag I have ever seen came by. It must have been at least 30 feet long, and it stretched almost from curb to curb. It sagged in the center under a great weight of coins and bills. As it passed us the bearers called out, "Throw in! Give to the hospital!" and most of the spectators did. This was a collection for the new Klan hospital that was to relieve white Protestant Kokomoans of the indignity of being born, being sick, and dying under the care of nuns. The only hospital in town was a Catholic one. It was announced afterward that the huge flag had collected \$50,000.

There were wild rumors in the town in the months that followed. Father Pratt, the pastor at St. Patrick's, was on the list for tar-and-feathering; the church was going to be burned; the Klan was going to "call" on the Jewish merchants; it was going to "get" my father and Miss Kenney, another Catholic who taught in the public school. Considering all the violent acts committed by the Klan elsewhere, it seemed quite possible that these notions might mature into action. As it turned out, none did.

In 1923, Kokomo, like the rest of the U. S., was in a state of arrested emotion. It had gone whole hog for war in 1917-18. But it was mostly a make-believe war, as it turned out, and by the time it was started it was all over. With the real enemy gone, a

fresh one had to be found. Find an enemy: Catholics, Jews, Negroes, foreigners, but especially Catholics.

Antiforeignism had been a lively issue in American history since before the Republic. Before immigration was finally curbed by quota laws, many old-stock Americans in the South and Central West thought they were in danger of being overrun.

Another main stream in American history was anti-Catholicism. This stream ran deep; and now and again it would emerge at the surface, as in the Know Nothing party of the 1850's and the American Protective association of the 1890's. Their minds worked like this: 1. foreigners are a menace, as shown by the war; 2. the Catholic Church is run by a foreign Pope in a foreign city; 3. therefore, the Catholic Church is a menace. Here was a suitable enemy: powerful, mysterious, international, aggressive.

There were other factors in the success of the Klan: the deadly tedium of small-town life, where any change was a relief; the nature of current Protestant theology, rooted in Fundamentalism and hot with bigotry; and a kind of native American moralistic blood lust.

The Catholic Church very easily assumed, in the minds of the ignorant majority, the proportions of a vast, immoral, foreign conspiracy against Protestant America, with no less a design than to put the Pope in the White House. The Knights of Columbus were in reality a secret army pledged to this aim. They kept their

guns in the basements of Catholic churches—which usually had high steeples and often were located on the highest ground in town, so that guns fired from the belfries could dominate the streets. Not all Catholics were in on the plot: for example, the Catholics you knew. These were well-meaning dupes whom one might hope to save from their blindness. My parents were generally considered to be among them.

As in most of the thousands of other towns where the Klan thrived, there was a strong undercurrent of opposition in Kokomo. But as in most towns, few men were brave enough to state their disapproval openly. The Klan first appealed to the ignorant, the slightly unbalanced, and the venal; but by the time the enlightened elements realized the danger, it was already on top of them. Once organized in strength, the Klan had an irresistible weapon in economic boycott. The anti-Klan merchant saw his trade fade away to the Klan store across the street, where the store window carried a "TWK" (Trade with Klansmen) sign.

It also takes a moral conviction difficult to arrive at when the pastor of one's own church takes an opposite stand. Kokomo's ministers, like her merchants and insurance men, swung with the tide. Most of them, in fact, took little or no swinging, since they saw in the Klan what it professed to be: the militant arm of evangelical Protestantism.

Indianapolis, with a population of

some 335,000, was dominated almost as completely as Kokomo. D. C. Stephenson, the Grand Dragon, had his headquarters there, in a suite of offices in a downtown business building, and from there he ran the state government. "I am the law in Indiana," he said, and there was no doubt about it. He owned the legislature; he owned the governor, a political hack named Ed Jackson; he owned most of the representatives and both U. S. senators.

Stephenson, in turn, took his orders, after a fashion, from Atlanta, Ga., where Dr. Evans presided over the Invisible Empire from a sumptuous Imperial Palace on fashionable Peachtree road. Dr. Evans was a dentist by trade and an Imperial Wizard by usurpation. He had unhorsed the previous Wizard and founder, "Col." William Joseph Simmons, several months before the Kokomo Konklave.

Evans was shrewd, aggressive, and a good administrator, but he stepped into a going concern. The concern existed because of Simmons. And it was going not through the efforts of either Evans or Simmons but those of an obscure couple named Edward Young Clark and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler.

The tangled story of the Klan's 20th-century rebirth opens officially in 1915, but stems back to a day in 1901 when Simmons was sitting on a bench outside his home. The future Emperor at that time was a preacher, but wasn't doing very well at it. One day he sat gazing into the sky, watching the wind drive masses of cumulus clouds along. The formation split into two billowy

lengths, and these in turn broke up into smaller clouds that followed one another in a procession across the sky. Simmons took the phenomenon as a sign from God, and fell to his knees with a prayer.

A devotee of Southern history, Simmons was even more familiar than most Southerners with the legends of the old Ku Klux Klan. Founded in 1866 in Pulaski, Tenn., by a group of young Confederate veterans, it had started out simply as a social club. The young ex-soldiers picked their name from *kuklos*, the Greek for *circle*, which they transformed into Ku Klux, and framed a fantastic ritual and nomenclature for their own amusement. Eventually the best manhood (and much of the worst) of the South took part. Finally it degenerated into mere terrorism, and General Forrest, Imperial Wizard, disbanded it in 1869, but not until the carpetbaggers had been dispersed and the Klan had become immortalized in Southern memory. It was the old Klan that the convulsed mind of Reverend Simmons saw in the clouds.

On Thanksgiving night, 1915, he led a troupe of 16 followers up Stone Mountain near Atlanta and there, bathed in the sacred glow of the fiery cross, "the Invisible Empire was called from its slumber of half a century." What Simmons called forth was not the old Klan, however, but a greatly distorted image of it. For all its excesses, the original Klan had some constructive purposes. It was devoted to restoring constitutional rights

to white Southerners, the protection of women, and re-establishment of home rule. It operated in secrecy for the good reason that its members would have been shot or imprisoned by federal troops had they been found out.

The new Klan adopted the costume, the secrecy, and much of the ritual of the old, but very little of the substance. Only in "white supremacy" did the aims of the old and new Klans coincide, aside from the banalities about unselfishness, patriotism, and dependability. Simmons excluded foreigners, Jews and Catholics, all of whom had been accepted into the original Klan, and thereby set his course in an altogether new direction.

While appropriating much of the ritual of the original, Simmons also added some mumbo-jumbo of his own. The old plus the new enveloped his converts in a weird and unintelligible system of ceremonies, signs, signals, and words. Nonmembers were "aliens," and remained so until they were "baptized" as "Citizens of the Invisible Empire." The members' subsequent duties included absolute obedience to the Imperial Wizard.

Thus equipped, the Reverend Simmons set about creating his Empire. It was uphill work. Five years later he had enrolled only a few thousand subjects. The times, perhaps, were not quite right, but in addition the Emperor himself lacked two mundane qualities, executive ability and calculating greed. Both lacks were supplied in the spring of 1920, when he met

the clever Mr. Clark and Mrs. Tyler.

This couple were professional fund raisers and publicity agents whose accounts had included the Anti-Saloon league, Near East Relief, the Roosevelt Memorial fund, and others of similar scope. Simmons' Ku Klux Klan was almost too small to be worth their attention, but they decided that it had possibilities. As Southerners, they saw in the anti-foreign, Catholic, Jewish, Negro provisions the raw material with which to appeal to four deep prejudices among other Southerners.

After they took the project on, Clark became second in command and head of the promotion department, and Mrs. Tyler became his chief assistant. They divided the country into eight "domains," each headed by a Grand Goblin, and subdivided it into "realms," or states, each in charge of a Grand Dragon, such as Stephenson. The initiation fee was \$10, of which \$4 went to the Kleagle, or local solicitor, when he signed up a recruit; \$1 to the King Kleagle, the state sales manager; 50¢ to the Grand Goblin, and \$4.50 to Atlanta. Robes, which were made by the affiliated Gate City Manufacturing Co. at a cost of \$3.28, were sold for \$6.50. Newspapers, magazines, and other Klan printed matter were turned out at a substantial profit by the Searchlight Publishing Co., another Klan enterprise, and miscellaneous real estate was handled by the Clark Realty Co. The local Klaverns were supported by dues of a dollar a month, part of which was sent to the state organization. It was somewhat like a chain

letter: almost everyone seemed sure to make a considerable amount of money.

Within a year and a half, this system had netted more than 100,000 members. It had also, according to the New York *World*, caused four killings, one mutilation, one branding with acid, 41 floggings, 27 tar-and-feather parties, five kidnappings, and 43 threats and warnings to leave town. The *World's* exposé pricked Congress into an investigation in October, 1921. Emperor Simmons was called, but proved to be a slippery witness. The atrocities ascribed to the Klan were, he said, the work of imposters. The Klan did not permit violence, he assured the Congressmen, and cited instances wherein he had rebuked dens which disobeyed by withdrawing their charters. The Klan was "purely a fraternal organization," dedicated to patriotism, brotherhood, and maintenance of law and order. Although circumstantial evidence was strong, the investigators could find no legal evidence that the Klan's national organization had caused the outrages or even approved of them, and the inquiry petered out.

However, the *World's* detective work did have one notable result. Shortly before the Congressional investigation got under way the paper printed an account of how, two years before, Clark and Mrs. Tyler had been "arrested in a notorious underworld resort at 185 South Pryor St., Atlanta, run by Mrs. Tyler," and hauled off to jail, to be charged with disorderly conduct and possession of liquor. In the

resultant furor Clark submitted his resignation to Simmons. Simmons, who was well aware of what the couple had accomplished for the Klan, refused to take action against them. Instead, the propaganda department began to grind out denials, the *World* was branded as a "cowardly and infamous instrument," and the scandal was smoothed over.

But it left a scar. As the moral custodians of their communities, the rank-and-file Klansmen were deeply shocked by the story. Some of them were not convinced by the denials. An insurgent movement within the ranks gradually formed. This faction grew under the loving eye of Dr. Evans, who had deserted dentistry to become Grand Dragon of the Realm of Texas, and who had ambitions to the throne. In May, 1922, he became Kligrapp, or secretary, of the national organization, and from that vantage point accomplished a *coup d'etat* the following Thanksgiving. With 12 of the 14 members of the board of directors joining the cabal, he detached the Wizardship and all the real power from Simmons, and took them himself, leaving Simmons only the cold comfort of \$1,000 a month salary and a simple Emperorship. Simmons fought back energetically, and as a consequence, in the following year, lost even this sop. He died in May, 1945, poor and disillusioned.

In spite of the shock of the Clark-Tyler case, the *World's* disclosures, and the Congressional investigation, the Klan continued to grow. It was a

good thing commercially. By the time Dr. Evans took over, it was adding 3,500 members a day, and the national treasury was taking in \$45,000 a day. Within a year Evans could boast, probably with fair accuracy, of a membership of 5 million.

Being in possession of that many adult voters, he and his henchmen naturally turned their thoughts to politics. Principles, they announced, were important to the Klan, not party labels. But 1924 was a poor year to interfere in Republican affairs. Calvin Coolidge was an extremely popular President, and there was no point in contesting his nomination. The Democratic convention was much more promising. The strongest candidate was Alfred E. Smith, Catholic, Tammany, wet, and a big-city product, in short, a symbol of everything the Klan was against. The Klan came out fighting for William Gibbs McAdoo and managed to stalemate the whole proceedings. It finally lost, but it also prevented Smith's nomination; John W. Davis, a J. P. Morgan lawyer, was served up as a compromise. The Harding scandals were fresh in the minds of everyone, and 1924 logically should have been a Democratic year, but Davis lost. Considering later events, it is easy to speculate that the Klan's battle in the 1924 Democratic convention was a decisive event in U. S. and world history.

For Dr. Evans and his Goblins and Dragons it was an encouraging show of strength, despite their failure to nominate their man. They looked for-

ward to 1928. Then, suddenly, there was a disaster. D. C. Stephenson, the Grandest Dragon of the Empire, made a mistake. Steve kept a bust of Napoleon on his desk. And like Napoleon, he knew what he wanted. He wanted money, women, and power, and later on he wanted to be President of the U. S. He got plenty of the first three, and he might have got the fourth. He was a prodigy; he was at the height of his career when he was 33 years old.

Not much is known about his early life. He was born in 1891, evidently in Texas, and spent part of his youth in Oklahoma. He was a 2nd lieutenant in the 1st World War, but saw no service overseas. He was married twice, but had divorced or abandoned both women by the time he moved to Evansville, shortly after the war. There he began organizing veterans, and this took him into politics. In 1920 he entered the Democratic Congressional primary as a wet. Defeated by the Anti-Saloon league, he promptly became a dry Republican, and at the same time joined the newly rising Ku Klux Klan. He became an organizer for the Klan. By 1922 he had succeeded so well that he was made organizer for Indiana, and shortly afterward for 20 other states, mostly Midwestern. After a short period in Columbus, Ohio, he moved his offices to Indianapolis, and on July 4, 1923, at Kokomo, he officially added the Grand Dragonship of Indiana to his portfolio. By that time he was well on his way to his first \$1 million.

Within a year or so he had passed far beyond that goal. He branched out into the coal and gravel business, the tailoring business, and various other sidelines. He imported Florida real-estate salesmen and other high-pressure operators to carry Klankraft into the towns and up and down the country roads, and arranged a split with these subsalesmen. In one 18-month period his personal income is estimated to have been between \$2 and \$5 million. He owned one of the show-place homes of suburban Irvington, maintained a suite at a big hotel, kept a fleet of automobiles, a covey of bodyguards, and a yacht in Lake Michigan.

One of the women he knew, but not very well, was Madge Oberholzer. She had a small job at the State House in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. She was not particularly attractive.

On the night of March 15, 1925, he asked her to go along to Chicago. When she refused, Steve motioned to Earl Gentry and Earl Klenck, bodyguards, who produced guns; the three men then led her outside and into Steve's waiting car. They drove to the railroad station and boarded the midnight train to Chicago. Steve, Gentry, and Madge went into a drawing room. After the train started, her testimony says, Stephenson attacked her.

The next day in Hammond, Ind., where Steve had the presence of mind to get off the train to avoid the Mann act, Madge managed to get hold of some bichloride of mercury tablets. She swallowed six. By the time Steve

discovered what she had done she was deathly ill. Steve tried to get her to a hospital, then offered to marry her, and finally drove her back to Indianapolis. He kept her in a loft above his garage with the threat that she would stay there until she agreed to marriage. She still refused and finally he had her taken to her home, where she died several weeks later. Before her death she dictated the full story to the prosecuting attorney, William H. Remy, who was one of the few officials that Steve did not control.

The case caused an unimaginable uproar. Steve, who had said, "I am the law," took the precaution of having the trial venued to the little town of Noblesville. But the Noblesville jury found him guilty of murder in the second degree, and the judge sentenced him to life imprisonment.

To his further shock, Gov. Ed Jackson refused to pardon him. The case had created such a bad smell that not only Jackson but all of Steve's other political allies abandoned him. Steve threatened to bring out "the little black box" containing his records; when finally produced, the box's contents sent a congressman, the mayor of Indianapolis, the sheriff of Marion county, and various other officials to jail. Jackson was indicted for bribery but was saved by the statute of limitations. But although Steve got his revenge, he did not get his liberty. Years later, when he had served enough time with good behavior to come up for parole, public feeling against him was still so strong no governor dared release him.

Steve's trial was a national sensation, and his conviction was a national indictment of the organization. It became too absurd and ironic for any Goblin or Dragon to proselytize in the name of morality. The Bible Belt might dismiss the Clark-Tyler episode as malicious gossip, but it could hardly dismiss the legal conviction of one who was probably the Klan's most powerful local leader. The Klan began to break up rapidly, leaving political chaos in its wake. In Indiana, the Democratic boss, Frank P. Baker, said, "We don't want the poisonous animal to crawl into our yard and die." The Republicans earnestly disclaimed it.

The Klan died hard, however. It took a new grip on life in 1927-28, when the nomination of Al Smith was again in prospect, and the old cries of "Keep the Pope out of the White House!" were again heard. Although it could not prevent Smith's nomination this time, the new wave of religious prejudice it stirred up, and the backwash of intolerance it had created in the years before, were important factors in defeating Smith for the presidency. Thereafter it subsided again, and by the end of the decade it had only a tiny fraction of its former strength. Here and there, during the next few years, one heard of it: a whipping, a castration, a cross burning. The propaganda line changed with the times. During the 30's, emphasis switched from Catholics, Negroes, Jews, and foreigners to communism and "labor agitators." It was an unrewarding strategy, for although it

may have gained contributions for employers, especially in the South, it won back few members.

The crowning irony came in 1935 when the Imperial Palace, after passing through the hands of ten owners, was finally bought for \$32,500 by the Savannah-Atlanta diocese of the Catholic Church as the site for a new cathedral. Two years later at the cathedral's consecration, Dr. Evans, as a token of the spirit of tolerance of the "new Klan," posed in a friendly attitude with Bishop Gerald P. O'Hara.

This was too much for the remaining brothers. In 1939 there was another revolution from below, and Evans was deposed in favor of Dr. James A. Colescott, a former veterinarian of Terre Haute, Ind., and lat-

terly Grand Dragon of the Realm of Ohio. In 1944, Dr. Colescott voluntarily returned to doctoring animals, which gave him a better living, and the Klan was disbanded as a national organization.

And today, in Kokomo, the Klan is only an old memory. The Rev. Everett Nixon carried on for years as secretary of the Melfalfa Park association, trying to hold together the property and the few believers. But he failed, and now the park is overgrown with brush, deserted and decayed, its sagging pavilion a meeting place for bats and owls. Steve, who had his greatest moment there, is still in the state penitentiary at Michigan City, still hoping. Not long ago he made his 40th unsuccessful petition for freedom.



Insurance Agent

FATHER EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J., the leading Catholic authority in this country on international law, was called upon by the late Senator John H. Overton to testify before a congressional hearing in Washington dealing with maritime insurance. Someone objected to Father Walsh's testimony, and asked him how he could be classed as an expert on insurance. Father Walsh answered, "I sell the best insurance that man has known for 1900 years."

Robert H. Pierson.



Insurance Customer

THE DODGERS were flying back to Brooklyn from St. Louis one Friday and the club's secretary was chiding Rex Barney for eating his steak.

"My bishop told me it was O. K. to eat meat on Friday in extraordinary circumstances like this where nothing else is available," explained Barney.

The news was passed along to Gil Hodges, who was just toying with a fruit salad. "How high up is this plane?" asked Hodges.

"Twenty-one thousand feet."

Hodges shook his head. "No steak for me then," he cracked. "We're too close to headquarters."

Ray Grody in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.



*It can drive people to insanity
and bankruptcy, including you*

Gossip Is Dynamite

By HAROLD WHITMAN

Condensed from *This Week Magazine**

OFFHAND, gossip seems like an innocent pastime. It is something that goes over the back fence every day, and what harm does it do?

Plenty! Gossip, so often described as "idle" is actually anything but that. Gossip has ruined big corporations, driven famous and successful people to suicide, caused innocent girls to run away from home, and others equally innocent to quit jobs in disgrace.

What if gossip suddenly picked you for a target? What if poisonous tales began to circulate about your wife or daughter, yourself or your business? Dr. Hadley Cantril, at Princeton university, and Dr. Gordon W. Allport, at Harvard, have isolated the virus of gossip in their psychological laboratories. Their findings tell us why people gossip, how a grain of truth is distorted into a bushel of lies, and what to do if those lies are aimed at you.

Take this typical account of gossip's havoc. Gloria, a pretty girl from a small town in Ohio, was found in her bed one morning with a nearly fatal case of poisoning. In her open diary a page said, "I'm not what they say I am; I'd rather be dead."

For weeks the town had buzzed with stories about Gloria's "wild week end" at a near-by college. It seems Gloria attended a graduation dance at the school. She stayed all night. She didn't get back to town until 8 A.M. A man drove her home. She was so tipsy she could hardly walk. And guess where she had spent the night—in a fraternity house! So the stories went.

Gloria's family doctor was so incensed after her near suicide that he dug out the facts. Here's what had really happened.

A special bus had left the college at midnight to take home the girls from the surrounding towns. Nine girls, including Gloria, were left behind because the bus was full. Due to a mix-up, a second bus which had been ordered failed to arrive. Seven of the girls were driven home by their dates. Gloria and Mae telephoned their parents, and arrangements were made to have them stay in the girls' dormitory until morning. Mae's father called for the girls at 6 A.M., dropped Mae off home at 7:30, and then drove on to drop Gloria at 8. The newspaper boy had seen her arrive home in her party

dress, her hair disheveled. That's all it took to start gossip on its devastating way. Mae's father became simply "a man in a convertible." Gloria's unusual appearance early in the morning soon was twisted into "being tipsy." The fact that two girls had stayed at the dormitory overnight was boiled down to a more gossipy stereotype: just *one girl*, just Gloria. And the "girls' dormitory" gradually became just "dormitory" and finally "fraternity house."

In one incredible, wild version a town gossip said, "Gloria's been going down there for months. She always stays overnight. I hear her folks are sending her to an aunt in Toledo for a few months—you can guess why!"

It was when things reached this stage that Gloria couldn't bear it any longer.

Many a business, too, has felt the sting. The classic example is the big cigarette company that was victimized some years ago. A story spread with gossip's usual speed, that a leper had been found working in one of the company's factories. Sales were menaced. Public confidence was shaken.

Desperately the company tried to spike the rumor, which was not true. It offered rewards for detection of the gossip spreaders. It published board-of-health reports. Still the gossip took a toll of tens of thousands of dollars.

Who is to calculate the toll of gossip in wartime? Professor Cantril says we can chalk up the lives of 50,000 soldiers in the last war to gossip of one type or another, among the men themselves, and worst of all, home-

front gossip that slowed down production.

Enemy gossip-planters, the FBI discovered, were trying to keep workers out of war plants. They spread stories that certain types of labor would cause diseases. Women, flocking to industry in huge numbers, were targets of stories about sterility and various female diseases allegedly caused by factory chemicals.

The rumor planters were banking on an all-too-human weakness. Many of us do like to pick up a weird bit of "information" and pass it on. Why?

Professor Allport's studies at Harvard indicate that people gossip to get a feeling of power and importance. "The rumor spreader may merely be seeking attention," Dr. Allport declares. "To be 'in the know' exalts one's self-importance. While telling a tale, a person is, for the time being, dominant over his listeners."

Dr. Allport reminds us how many times we said as children, "I know something you don't know!" As grownups, we've discarded the phrase, but our motives in coming across with a juicy tidbit are quite the same. During the war, government agents were gravely disturbed at what they found in one Italian-American community. One fourth of the people were listening regularly to Radio-Rome, passing on Axis propaganda to their neighbors. Were they Axis sympathizers? Were they disloyal?

No. A team of psychologists discovered they were just persons who wanted to boast that their radios were

strong enough to pick up Rome! By passing on the Axis gossip, they got a little extra prestige in the neighborhood.

Another reason why we gossip is that gossip reflects our emotional needs.

"Any human need may provide the motive power to rumor," Dr. Allport declares. "Sex interest accounts for much gossip and most scandal. Anxiety is the power behind the macabre, threatening tales we so often hear. Hope and desire underlie pipe-dream rumors. Hate sustains slander."

One of the vilest rumors of recent years was the wartime gossip about "500 Wacs being sent home from North Africa because they were pregnant." The University of Syracuse psychology department went into it, debunked it thoroughly. There weren't 500 Wacs in North Africa at the time.

But what about that old maxim—"Where there's smoke, there's fire"? Wasn't there something to the Wac gossip? Yes, there was. A few Wacs had been sent home sick. From this innocent fact a network of mischief was embroidered. The difference between the "grain of truth" at the base of a rumor and the rumor itself prompted one psychologist to say, "Where there's smoke there's a liar." The gossip brings his own dark, repressed thoughts into the tales he spreads.

Other gossipers want to throw a knife in the back of a rival, usually someone a wee bit above them on the social or professional ladder.

"These are the people who lack a sense of 'personal surety,'" Professor Cantril explains. "They are plagued by feelings of inferiority. They seek to improve their own status by dragging down the person on the rung just above them."

Not everything is gossiped about. The subject matter must touch our lives and particularly our emotions. Dr. Cantril proved this among students at Princeton by planting some gossip of his own. Just before a recent formal dance, he planted among six students the rumor that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were going to be in the receiving line. A week later, test sampling showed that 75% of the students at the university had heard the rumor. Most of them believed it. Even the town of Princeton had lapped it up: several notables suddenly offered their services as sponsors of the dance.

Conversely, Dr. Cantril picked a subject that didn't particularly interest the campus. He planted, again among six students, the rumor that President Truman was going on a world tour. A week later only a handful of students had heard the story, and few bothered to pass it on. It just didn't stir campus emotions the way Edward and Wally did.

How do stories get distorted? Psychologists find that all of us have a certain mental "set." Our minds and emotions are set a certain way, as the sails of a boat are set. It may vary from time to time, but at any given moment our mental "set" determines the way

we respond to gossip just as the set of its sails determines a boat's response to the wind.

Associate Prof. Eugene Hartley, of City College of New York, gave me a graphic example of how "set" influences perception. He drew two circles joined by a straight line. "This is a pair of eyeglasses," he said. Then he threw away the paper, gave me a fresh sheet and told me to draw what I had seen. The idea of eyeglasses had been "set" in my mind, so I made my figure look more like eyeglasses than the original, giving it an arched bridge.

Dr. Hartley then called in a student and tried the experiment with him. He drew the same initial figure, but this time he said, "This is a picture of a dumbbell." Then he threw away the paper and asked the student to draw what he had seen. The student drew a double line between the circles, a good picture of a dumbbell.

It's a painless, amusing experiment which you can try with your family. But to Dr. Hartley, who conducted rumor research for the U. S. government during the war, the distortions of things seen and heard was serious business.

An example of how "set" works in gossip-mongering is the woman who is widely envied—and hence disliked—in her community. The "set" of her neighbors is hostility. Dr. Karl A. Menninger, the noted psychiatrist, gives an example of how gossip about her might buzz through town. A casual inquiry about her health is so embroidered as to finally resolve itself

into a tale that she is dead. Before the last one to hear the story could pass it on, she saw Mrs. King coming out of her house. "Land sakes!" said Mrs. Jones, "I just learned of your death and funeral. Now who started that?"

To which Mrs. King perceptively replied, "There are several persons who would be glad if it were true!"

In early New England there was a ducking stool in every village, and colonial gossipers got a drenching to discourage their mischief. Today we have better methods. From Dr. Allport's work at Harvard has come the "rumor clinic," a powerful weapon which any community can use to defend itself.

The rumor clinic is a concrete demonstration of how gossip works. It leaves its audience wiser, warier, and less vulnerable to gossip's sting.

The clinic I attended was typical. Six volunteers from the audience were asked to step out of the room while a picture was thrown on a screen. It was a New York subway scene, with people of various races and nationalities. One of the six volunteers was brought into the room to view the picture. He then told what he had seen to No. 2, No. 2 told it to No. 3, and so on, until the story finally reached the sixth person. They did their retelling with their backs to the screen, so that the audience could see just where and how distortions crept in.

Two persons standing up in the subway became "two people fighting over a seat" (New Yorkers associate subways with seat scrambling).

A razor in the hand of a white man was shifted, in the re-telling, to the hand of a Negro (because of the minstrel-show stereotype which links Negroes and razors).

A bearded man became, in subsequent versions, a "rabbi," a "priest," a "missionary," (showing the implantation of ideas from the teller's own mind; all the picture contained was simply a man with a beard).

A picture of a street scene was distorted into a "riot," though there was no violence in it whatever.

Community wars against gossip are all very good, you may say, but what does the individual do when gossip attacks him? How can he defend himself? Should he strike back?

Dr. Cantril offers a three-part formula.

1. Don't try to stop gossip by "answering it." A frontal attack upon gossip calls attention to the false stories that are being spread, thus bringing them to the attention of more and more people. If an angered father punches a man in the nose for gossiping about his daughter, he merely starts more gossip.

2. Go on performing, doing your job, living your life in a consistent manner. Frustrating as this may seem, it is the best way to hasten gossip out

of existence. Friends rally round a man or woman who goes on with the job while the bitter tongues wag. "By carrying on," says Dr. Cantril, "you are showing in a concrete way that you are not the kind of person the gossip makes you out to be."

3. Stage a "demonstration." By analyzing gossip it is often possible to kill it off indirectly. When a couple are dogged by gossip of a marital split-up, they can demonstrate their accord in numerous ways. The husband might buy his wife a special gift, presenting it when two or three of the neighbors are on hand. They might take a little trip together, or visit a popular restaurant, with a corsage and affectionate pleasantries.

"It gives the tongues something else to wag about," Dr. Cantril remarks.

Finally, for those who are tempted to do "just a little harmless gossiping," Dr. Cantril reminds us that no gossip is harmless. It always harms the gossiper. "People who gossip are quarantined sooner or later," he declares. "Their friends don't dare confide in them. The only people who can really feel close to them are other gossipers."

Our house of happiness is built upon the loyalties of the people around us. The gossipier tears down his own house.



THREE hundred million Christmas cards this year will be religious, the trade estimates, a 50% gain over 1948.

Catholic Journalist (Oct. '49).

*The Church in America is the Church of the future,
says a famous English convert-author*

American Epoch in the Catholic Church

By EVELYN WAUGH

Condensed from *Life**

THOUGH again and again Christianity has seemed to be dying at its center, providence has always had another people quietly maturing to relieve the decadent of their burden. To a Christian of the 4th century the seat of authority at Rome must have seemed almost on the frontier; France, Spain and Germany were crude missionary countries, while the faith flourished in the Southern and Eastern Mediterranean. For him it was barely possible to conceive of a Church which had lost Constantinople, Alexandria and Carthage. To Louis XIV the faith of those places belonged to remote history. He could not think of Christendom without France. Yet in less than a century France was officially atheist. Challoner, the saintly Catholic leader of 18th-century England, would have thought it a preposterous forecast that the grandchildren of his dim, disheartened little flock would see the bishops restored and the Religious Orders flourishing again.

So the battle continues, one that can never be lost and may never be won

until the Last Trump. No loss is impossible, no loss irretrievable, no loss—not Rome itself—mortal. Catholics of today, in their own lifetime, may have to make enormous adjustments in their conception of the temporal nature of the Church. Many are already turning their regard to the New World, where it seems providence is schooling and strengthening a people for the historic destiny long borne by Europe.

At first sight, many features of American history seem to indicate that the people of the U. S. were resolutely anti-Catholic. It was the Quebec Act, tolerating popery in Canada, quite as much as the Stamp Act and the tea duties, which caused the colonists to rebel. In foreign policy, when religious questions were involved, America has usually supported the anti-Catholic side, particularly where she is most powerful, as in Mexico. President Wilson did nothing to oppose the disastrous anti-Catholic prejudices of Lloyd George and Clemenceau in 1919.

Fifty years ago it looked as though

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America might soon become predominantly Catholic. That hope, or fear, is now remote. Immigration from Catholic Europe has dwindled; peasant stock has lost its fertility in the cities; conversions, as far as I could find, barely keep pace with apostasies. Humanly speaking it is now certain that the Church is stabilized as a minority, the most important in the country, but subject to both the advantages and disadvantages of an unprivileged position. Her position in America cannot be understood unless her previous history is kept always in mind. From time to time, from place to place in the world she has been in hiding; and she has been on the throne. In America her problems are less simple. There she is firmly grounded in a neutral, secular state.

Government in the secular U. S. is looked upon as the captain of a liner, whose concern is purely with navigation. He holds his command ultimately from the passengers. Under his immediate authority the public rooms of his ship are used for religious assemblies of all kinds, while in the bar anyone may quietly blaspheme. Today in most nations the analogy between state and ordinary ship has broken down. In some places the captain has developed the mentality of Bligh of the *Bounty*; in others the passengers have been more or less willingly pressed into the crew; all are continuously occupied in keeping the ship running; the voyage is no longer a means to an end but an end in itself. The tragic fate of Europe is witness to the failure

of secular states. But America has so far been proof against this decay. She is thus the center of hope even for those critical of her idiosyncracies.

These idiosyncracies are now the object of boundless curiosity. A generation ago they caused mild amusement as the eccentricities of a likable but remote people. Today they are studied as portents of the development of the whole Western World.

I have seen a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Spain which the people applauded by exploding firecrackers under the feet of the clergy. It was done with genuine devotion but to a northern mind the effect was disconcerting.

In just about the same way it strikes Europeans as odd that Americans find the voices of film stars on the radio an aid to saying the Rosary. American manufacturers of religious goods offer many ingenious novelties, including a "rosary aid," which records each *Ave* on a dial with a sharp click.

I saw both in London and Chicago the Italian film *Paisan*. One incident portrays the life of a small Franciscan Community in a remote mountain district. Three American chaplains arrive there and are warmly welcomed. Only one is Catholic, the other two are a Protestant and a Jew. The friars are disconcerted and impose a fast on themselves for the conversion of their non-Catholic guests. In London the audience was mainly non-Catholic but its sympathy was plainly with the friars. In Chicago the audience was composed mainly of Italian-speakers,

presumably Catholics of a sort, and to them the friars seemed purely comic. It would be easy to generalize from this contrast that American Catholics care little for doctrinal niceties or the ascetic life; that they exalt the natural virtues above the supernatural, and consider good fellowship and material generosity the true ends of man. That is, in fact, just the kind of generalization which is current in Europe. Yet at that very time Boston was being torn by theological controversy, a contumacious priest proclaiming damnation on all heretics and the authorities reaffirming the possibility of salvation outside the Church in the orthodox terms. And all over the country monks and nuns were quietly going about their business of the *Opus Dei*, singing their Office and living by medieval rules, in just the fashion which excited laughter in a Chicago theater.

The two chief impressions which I brought home from America were, first, that the outward forms of Catholicism are just as varied as they are in Europe; and second, that Catholicism is not something alien and opposed to the American spirit but an essential part of it.

To enlarge on these two propositions. In vast areas of what is now the U.S., Catholicism was in colonial times the established religion. It was loosely established and in most of those areas now survives mainly in picturesque, ruined or restored, missions. Only three states can be said to have a strong, continuous Catholic tradition: Louisiana, Maryland and

New Mexico. In the first of these the Church has never known persecution or even discouragement, and over a length of time that is not an entirely healthy condition. Catholics need to be reminded every few generations that theirs is a challenging creed. In no European country have the faithful been subject to so enervating a toleration as have the inhabitants of New Orleans. It is therefore not surprising that they take their faith easily and sentimentally, with some skepticism among the rich and some superstition among the poor, of the kind that was found in France before the Revolution. It is one of the devil's devices to persuade people that their religion is so much "in their bones" that they do not have to bother; that it is in rather poor taste to talk too much about it. Marital confusions, the material advantages of secular education, the mere lassitude induced by the climate, keep many from practicing their religion. There is a strange shrine there, unrecognized by the clergy, where the decoration and forms of prayer are Catholic, to which the colored people resort for cures and favors. There is also witchcraft in New Orleans. Yet it was there that I saw one of the most moving sights of my tour. Ash Wednesday: warm rain falling in streets unobtrusively with the dragged survivals of carnival. The Roosevelt Hotel overflowing with crapulous tourists planning their return journeys. How many of them knew anything about Lent? But across the way the Jesuit church was teeming with life all day long; a

continuous, dense crowd of all colors and conditions moving up to the altar rails and returning with their foreheads signed with ash. And the old grim message was being repeated over each penitent: "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." One grows parched for that straight style of speech in the desert of modern euphemisms, where the halt and lame are dubbed "handicapped"; the hungry, "underprivileged"; the mad, "emotionally disturbed." Here the grim message was plainly stated, quietly accepted, and all that day, all over that light-hearted city, one encountered the little black smudge on the forehead which sealed us members of a great brotherhood who can both rejoice and recognize the limits of rejoicing.

The history of Maryland has been different. Catholicism was never established there as an official religion as it was in the French and Spanish colonies. The state was founded by Catholics as a place where they could practice their religion in peace, side by side with Protestants. The peace was soon broken and the Church persecuted and subdued. But it survived and emerged at the Declaration of Independence in much the same temper as in England at the Catholic Emancipation Act. The old Catholic families of Baltimore have much in common with the old Catholic families of Lancashire. The countryside round Leonardstown has the same tradition of Jesuit missionaries moving in disguise from family to family, celebrating Mass in remote plantations, inculcating the same

austere devotional habits, the same tenacious, unobtrusive fidelity.

That peninsula between Chesapeake bay and the Potomac is one of the most fascinating areas for the Catholic visitor, and one of the things which inspires him most is the heroic fidelity of the Negro Catholics. The Church has not always been a kind mother to them. Everywhere in the South, Catholic planters brought their slaves to the sacraments, but in the bitter years after Reconstruction, few whites, priests or laity, recognized any special obligation toward them. Often they could practice their religion only at the cost of much humiliation. Some drifted from the Church to preposterous sects or reverted to paganism, but many families remained steadfast. Theirs was a sharper test than the white Catholics had earlier undergone, for here the persecutors were fellow members in the household of the faith. But, supernaturally, they knew the character of the Church better than their clergy. Today all this is fast changing. Catholics are everywhere leading the movement to make amends, and in another generation, no doubt, those scandals will seem to belong to the distant past. But in the effort to forget them, honor must never be neglected to those thousands of colored Catholics who so accurately traced their Master's road amid insult and injury.

Except in Louisiana and Maryland, Catholic names form a negligible part of the country-club and social registers. Most Catholics, Irish apart, grew up to

the sound of foreign languages spoken by parents or grandparents in the home. Some, in the Southwest, are survivors of Spanish colonization; most descend from the great waves of immigration from central and southern Europe. To the newly arrived immigrant his Church is especially dear. It unites him in prayer and association with the home he has left; it is a social center where he meets his own kind; it is a refuge full of familiar things in a bewildering new world. But the second and third generations have no tender memories of Europe. They have been reared on tales of the oppression and squalor from which their parents courageously rescued them. They want to be purely American and they develop a raw and rather guilty resentment against the Old World which, I think, explains the loud Sicilian laughter I heard in the Chicago cinema. There is a temptation to identify the Church with their inferior station; to associate it with the smell of garlic and olive oil and grandfather muttering over the foreign-language newspapers; to think of it as something to be discarded, as they rise in the social scale, as they discard their accents and surnames. Some, of course, do so. It is rare to find formal apostates, but occasionally parents who have ceased to care about their religion have their children brought up Episcopalian or Baptist, in the belief that it gives them a better start in life and that, anyway, it is the child's business to choose for himself later on. But not often: it is one of the prime achievements of the

American Catholic clergy that they have reconciled those first stirrings of a new loyalty with the ancestral faith, and Europeans should remember the problem that had to be solved before they look askance at the cruder expressions of nationalism which get quoted.

The Irish, on the other hand, present a precisely contrasting problem. They have never suffered a prick of shame in avowing their origins. Indeed, the further they move in time and place from their homeland the louder they sing about it. Should they ever return they would be shocked by the cynicism of their Dublin cousins. The problem with the Irish is to guard them from the huge presumption of treating the Universal Church as a friendly association of their own, and that problem has not been solved. In New York on St. Patrick's day or in Boston on any day of the year, the stranger might well suppose that Catholicism was a tribal cult. Only when he comes to study American hagiology does he learn that other races have their share in Pentecost. To the European it seems that the Irish have been led to betray their manifest historical destiny. When Englishmen in the last century founded a review which was to be for Catholics what the *Edinburgh Review* was for rationalists, they called it the *Dublin Review*. When there was a project for a national Catholic university, Newman went to Ireland. Had Ireland remained in the United Kingdom, Dublin would today be one of the great religious capitals of the world where Catholics from all over the Brit-

ish Empire resorted for education and leadership. What Europe lost, America has gained. The historic destiny of the Irish is being fulfilled on the other side of the Atlantic, where they have settled in their millions, bringing with them all their ancient grudges and the melancholy of the bogs, but also their hard, ancient wisdom.

To them and to the Germans must go the main credit for the construction of the Church in America. Without them the more sensitive Latins and Slavs would have at first huddled together in obscure congregations, then dispersed and perhaps have been lost to the faith. The Irish with their truculence and practical good sense have built and paid for the churches, opening new parishes as fast as the population grew; they have staffed the active Religious Orders and have created a national system of Catholic education.

This last achievement is indeed something entirely unique. Without help from the state—indeed in direct competition with it—the poor of the nation have covered their land with schools, colleges and universities, boldly asserting the principle that nothing less than an entire Christian education is necessary to produce Christians. For the faith is not a mere matter of learning a few prayers and pious stories in the home. It is a complete culture infusing all humane knowledge. It is no doubt true that some branches of specialized scholarship can best be learned in the vastly richer secular institutions. But it is a very great thing that young

men who are going out to be dentists or salesmen should have a grounding of formal logic and Christian ethics. "Prove syllogistically that natural rights exist"; "Give the fundamental reason why usury is wrong"; "What is the difference between soul and mind?" "Give and explain a definition of sacrifice"—these are questions chosen almost at random from the examination papers of a Jesuit college.

This fine work of education is, at the moment, somewhat precarious. In America, as elsewhere, the independent schools are in the position of a poker player among men much richer than himself who are continually raising the stakes. The apparatus of education is becoming exorbitantly expensive. The Catholic colleges cannot long hope to compete with the state in providing the engines of modern physical science. There is, moreover, a powerful group in the nation who openly aspire to uniformity as to something good in itself. I met many anxious Catholic educationalists, but I left with confidence that those who have achieved such stupendous feats in the recent past will somehow triumph over their enemies.

There is no doubt that the Catholic colleges maintain a remarkably high standard of duty and piety. The holy places of Notre Dame are crowded before a football match. The number and frequency of Communions are startling to a European. The habit thus inculcated often continues through life, as any visitor to any church can recognize. The quantity is there. No

one can judge the quality. The youth who is inarticulate in conversation may well be eloquent in prayer. What is plain to the observer is that throughout the nation the altar rails are everywhere crowded. It is normally from just such a deep soil of popular devotion that the fine flowers of the faith grow. Without doubt lives of deep, unobtrusive sanctity are being lived in all parts of the U. S., but it is true that the American Church up to the present time has produced few illustrious heroes or heroines. Archbishop Cicognani in his *Sanctity in America* lately collected 35 brief biographies of men and women of eminent holiness who worked in the U. S. Of these, 31 were foreign born and foreign educated. Of the four natives, two, Catherine Tekakwitha, the Indian, and Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton, the founder of the Sisters of Charity, were converts. Bishop Richard Miles, the Dominican of Tennessee, was a zealous and devoted pastor and administrator. One, Sister Miriam Teresa Demjanovich, was a teaching novice. None was a pure contemplative.

The contemplative life is, of course, only one form of the Christian life. It is a matter of observation, however, that the health of religion in any place and age may be fairly judged by the number of contemplative vocations. Until recent years America had a poor record in this matter, but lately there are signs of change. The case of Thomas Merton has aroused wide interest but he is merely one, unusually articulate, representative of a wide and

healthy movement. New Trappist houses are being established; postulants for Carmel exceed the accommodation.

I mentioned a second conclusion: that Catholicism is part of the American spirit. I do not mean that it lacks enemies. Recently there was an attempt to ban specifically Christian Christmas carols from a score of public schools in Brooklyn. The shops all over the country seek to substitute Santa Claus and his reindeer for the Christ Child. I witnessed, early in Lent, the arrival at a railway station of an "Easter Bunny," attended by a brass band and a posse of police. Just as the early Christians adopted the pagan festivals and consecrated them, so everywhere, but particularly in the U. S., pagan commerce is seeking to adopt and desecrate the feasts of the Church. And wherever the matter is one for public authority, the state is "neutral"—a euphemism for "unchristian."

I mean that "Americanism" is the complex of what all Americans consider the good life and that in this complex Christianity, and pre-eminently Catholicism, is the redeeming part. Unhappily "Americanism" has come to mean for most of the world what a few, very vociferous, far from typical, Americans wish to make it. The peoples of other continents look to America half in hope and half in alarm. They see that their own future is inextricably involved with it and their judgment is based on what they see in the cinema, what they read in the popular magazines, what they hear

from the loudest advertiser. Gratitude for the enormous material benefits received is tempered with distaste for what they continue to believe is the spiritual poverty of the benefactor.

It is only when one travels in America that one realizes that most Americans either share this distaste or are genuinely unaware of the kind of false impression which interested parties have conspired to spread.

THE Christian believes that he was created to know, love and serve God in this world and to be happy with Him in the next. That is the sole reason for his existence. "Good Citizenship," properly understood, is a necessary by-product of this essential task, but more and more the phrase has come to mean mere amenability to the demands of the government. At present the state makes few exorbitant demands in America, but there are Americans, resolutely opposed to the mechanisms of communism and fascism, who yet exalt this limited conception of "good citizenship" as the highest virtue, and regard the creation of a homogeneous society as the first end of statesmanship. In this popular neutral opinion, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, atheists, theosophists and all the

strange sects of the nation differ only in the rites they practice, or do not practice, in certain buildings for an hour or two a week. This is pure make-believe. They differ hugely in morals, social custom, and philosophy of life—in fact in all the things they value most highly. The neutral secular state can function justly only by keeping itself within strict limits. It is not for a foreigner to predict how long the government of the U. S. will resist the prevalent temptation to encroachment.

The Catholic holds certain territories that he can never surrender to the temporal power. He hopes that in his time there will be no invasion, but he knows that the history of his Church is one of conflict. If his rulers force him to choose between them and his faith, in the last resort he must choose his faith. And because in his heart he knows this, he tends to be conspicuously loyal whenever he can be so with a clear conscience.

There is a purely American "way of life" led by every good American Christian that is point-for-point opposed to the publicized and largely fictitious "way of life" dreaded in Europe and Asia. And by the grace of God that "way of life" will prevail.

COPIES of the DIGEST are remailed by subscribers to every American missionary in the foreign missions. However, there are some foreign missionaries (English, Irish, Canadian, etc.) who have asked to have copies remailed to them. If you are interested in remailing your copy, write to the Kenrick Remailing Service, Kenrick Seminary, 7800 Kenrick Road, St. Louis, 19, Mo., for a name and address.

*A missionary in the Philippines
recalls two people you won't forget*



I Remember

By

JAMES W. BURKE, O.M.I.

Condensed from the
*Oblate World**



I've been a missionary in the Philippines a long time, and I've met there many fine people. Two, though, stand out in my memory: one, an ancient sacristan who took care of one of my churches, the other, a woman doctor who befriended me in a Japanese prison camp.

Ramon wouldn't like me calling him a sacristan. There was protocol involved. Ramon was not just a sacristan; he was the Sacristan Mayor, the greater sacristan. This status he acquired by virtue of age and of long service. It meant he had numerous assistants, all appropriately graded with the exactitude of a White House guest list.

Ramon's head fascinated me. Whenever it loomed in the sanctuary all I could think of was the mummified craniums of the Pharaohs. But since Ramon was well over 80 he had all the right in the world to look as he pleased. His thin frame was covered with a pair of baggy trousers. A heavy undershirt, such as my grandfather used to wear, completed his wardrobe. For footgear Ramon wore a pair of green felt slippers which were as old as he was.

As sacristan, Mayor Ramon presided at all church functions. The people were so used to seeing him "on ceremonies" that they felt any sacraments were of doubtful validity if Ramon were not there.

When he served Mass he took over and left no doubt about it. He answered the prayers very clearly in his quavery tones; he rang the bells with extraordinary vigor; at the *Sanctus* he jumped up with a peculiar solemn haste to light the extra candle and place it on the altar.

I had the privilege of baptizing with Ramon. *With* is the correct word; I would be about to reach for the container of blessed salt when bony fingers would place it in my hand. He knew all the responses by heart—for hundreds of babies he renounced "Satan and all his works and pomps." He handed me the oil stocks and precisely the right amount of cotton for purifying my fingers; the white cloth and candle were delivered at exactly the prescribed moment. I'll wager that there is many a bishop who would sell his pectoral cross to get a master of ceremonies like Ramon.

It was a wonderful sight to behold him at weddings. The couple to be married were completely in his hands. He told them when to kneel, when to stand; he always carried an extra ring for forgetful grooms. If he didn't like the fold of the bride's veil, he fixed it then and there. It's the custom here for the groom to present the *arrhas* or gifts of coins to the bride as a symbol of his role as provider. The coins are usually silver pieces; but Ramon had a fistful of centavos, large copper pieces, in case the Padre who blessed the marriage forgot to bring the coins. I think Ramon used to pray that the Padre would forget the silver because he liked the loud clinking noises made by the copper coins as they poured from the groom's hand.

Ramon went with us on some sick calls. He saw to it that candles were lit, and woe betide the fellow who was slow to genuflect as the Blessed Sacrament was carried through the house. In one penetrating glance, Ramon expressed all the wisdom and zeal of those who defended the Sacrament with their lives in days gone by.

Ramon really came into his own at Christmas time. When preparations were made for constructing the crib, it was Ramon who supervised all. He directed the minor sacristans who assembled the materials; he gave orders and countermanded them as is the privilege of any great man of affairs. The crib was so large that it occupied the whole space in front of the side altar, which was easily the size of many main altars back in the States.

Only Ramon had the right to place the figures, which he arranged in precise, predetermined positions. The Infant, the Mother and St. Joseph were placed higher than the others; the shepherds, and even their sheep and dogs, were in very respectful attitudes. But the crowning glory was the star. This was made by Ramon himself; the tinsel, the shimmering streamers, the strips of cellophane were arranged in masterly fashion so that the star, with its enclosed bulb, glittered over the high altar.

At the intoning of the Gloria of the midnight Mass, the star slowly moved from the high altar to a place directly above the Crib. This movement was made possible by a complex arrangement of wires, ropes and pulleys. It all, of course, was manipulated by Ramon. The only thing I ever saw more complicated than that mess of wires and gadgets was the wiring system of an aircraft carrier.

Ramon's kind are stubborn; they are individualists; and they are fast disappearing from these Islands. I say that it's too bad for the Islands. I think even Ramon would like that compliment.

The woman was named Doctora Purificación. That's because she was born on the Feast of Our Lady's Purification. At first sight, you would never have suspected her of being a doctor. She was so shy, so unassuming, that she resembled more a postulant for one of the Sisterhoods. She was petite in all senses of the word; she

had none of the professional airs of some doctors that I have seen. Perhaps the fact that she had two lovely children accounted for this; she was a mother first, and a doctor afterwards. But she did have the rare quality, for a Filipina, of fully understanding the mysteries of American slang. She was not the least bit slow to toss off a phrase that would have delighted the ears of Ring Lardner.

The *doctora* was an assistant in the Davao hospital when I first met her. That was during the time of our temporary confinement at Davao and the Japanese had made a hospital orderly out of me. My medical knowledge could be printed on the label of a small bottle of iodine, but fortunately, all I had to do was care for the elemental needs of a few poor patients.

Evenings, when the Jap guards were not too much in evidence, the *doctora* would quietly call me to the night desk and there we would discuss the latest news from San Francisco. Then, as if out of the air, would materialize a trayful of Filipino delicacies—*puto*, *suman babingka*—varieties of rice cakes, cups of strong coffee. This was topped off with a fistful of *Akibonos*, a very good Japanese cigarette.

She seldom spoke of her own sorrows, but I later discovered she had an abundance. Her husband, also a doctor, had served with the USAFFE, surrendered, and was released on parole. He broke the parole and was picked up with a guerrilla outfit. On very good evidence I was told that he was thrown into a truck along with

his buddies. He had his hands tied with bailing wire and they were tied behind his back. That's what told what was about to happen to him—the next step was the sword. They never found his body.

Every morning found the *doctora* at Mass and Communion. On top of this, she performed an extraordinary act of penance every day: she would cross, on her knees, the long aisle leading to the altar of the Virgin. This wasn't the act of a superstitious fanatic; it was the calm, reasoned act of a devout woman who wasn't afraid to do penance when her heart was almost broken with grief.

Out here we have an old Spanish expression which epitomizes the works of mercy—*caridad cristiana*. She was that personified. She never glanced coldly at a chart and breezed on; she spoke softly to the poor *tao* who was wasting away with T. B.; she fondled the babies in the cribs and didn't worry much about "sterile atmosphere"; she distributed rice to the poor ones and when medicines ran low, she often provided them out of her own purse.

Early one evening they brought a youngster into the hospital. He was borne on a makeshift bamboo stretcher and was in the last stages of pneumonia. He was semiconscious, but he recognized me as the Padre. I heard his confession and anointed him—then we helped the *doctora* take over from there.

She knew he could not be saved, that he would probably die in a few

hours. But she made him as comfortable as possible. They didn't have enough blankets so she had the boys heat enormous quantities of water; this she poured into old beer bottles. They were our hot water bottles. The poor lad was becoming colder by inches. There was nothing the *doctora* could do and her shift had ended long ago. But she stayed on. The lad's buddies were on their knees as they recited the rosary while I held the crucifix before his eyes.

We stayed all night with the lad. In the early hours of the morning Pablo died. The *doctora* closed his eyes and

then, long hours after her shift was over, went home to her little girls.

She was like the Army nurses whom I met in camp. They showed a courage out of all proportion to their being the weaker sex. No one wrote a book about the *doctora*; she received no medals; half the people whom she helped will forget her; she will never have even the half consolation of placing a flower upon her husband's grave. But, there isn't an ounce of bitterness in her. Her two little girls must be brought up and the Davao hospital, a new, postwar one, needs much attention.



The Open Door

THE nun's play was a simple story about a Roman vestal virgin who chose Christianity and death. Cast in the lead role was a young non-Catholic lady. The quiet heroism of the martyred vestal attracted her at once. Daily rehearsals found the spell growing until she was completely enthralled. After the third curtain-call of the final performance she was opening her heart. A year later she was baptized. Vacation found her back home. Her daily-Mass-and-Communion habit at first alarmed her parents, her younger sister and brother. But within a year all five knelt together at the Communion rail.

Louis Schuster.

OUR children traded comic books with children of a near-by family whom I heard were anti-Catholic. Though our son said they liked them, I was afraid their parents might resent Catholic literature. I explained to their mother that perhaps we should have her approval before sending more. She surprised me with, "Oh, yes, do send all of them, I read them myself." Later she asked questions. "Does the Catholic Church *really* teach so-and-so?" "Is this the way you Catholics feel about such-and-such?" When our pastor announced an inquirers' class she went, and was baptized recently.

Mrs. F. W.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Address Open Door Editor. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

It prints the only truth

Newspaper for the World

By IRVING WALLACE

Condensed from '48, *the Magazine of the Year**

At 8 o'clock every evening, 73-year-old Pope Pius XII, having finished his hour's walk in the Vatican gardens, sits down to eat a dinner of cheese, bread, and cocoa, and to study the newspaper called *L'Osservatore Romano*. For 50 minutes, alone with the four-page paper (the day's first copy, delivered by a courier), he is completely absorbed.

To the average American, *L'Osservatore Romano* might seem curious, indeed. It carries no crime stories, scandals, sports, divorces, financial news, births, gossip, nor comic strips. It is the most unorthodox daily publication in modern journalism. It tries to meet no deadline, sometimes publishing front-page, headline beats two or three days after they happen. It prints stories in 34 languages, including Latin and Sanskrit. But Pope Pius XII enjoys

this newspaper thoroughly. He should. It happens to be his own.

L'Osservatore Romano (*The Roman Observer*) now in its 89th year, published daily at three cents a copy, is the semi-official evening newspaper of the Vatican state. Since the Pope has no armies nor navies, as once he had, the *Osservatore's* pen is today the papal sword. And its bouts with the enemies of God and the Church, especially with the pamphleteers of communism, are so frequent and furious that beside it the *Daily Worker* seems about as aggressive as *Calling All Girls*.

The *Osservatore's* circulation is now about 80,000 copies a day. This figure may seem small, but it does not tell the whole story. As a member of the editorial board explains, "Other papers are published to satisfy the reader, so that he will buy. The *Osservatore* is



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the only newspaper that disregards the reader, publishing exactly what the Holy See feels should be known, whether the reader likes it or not."

Nevertheless, the *Osservatore* probably influences more people than any half-dozen other newspapers combined. It is the world's most international newspaper: copies of it will turn up in Paris, Moscow, Ankara, Chicago, Saigon, Nanking.

Another reason for the *Osservatore's* power is that most of its 80,000 readers are select, ranging from such political figures as ex-Premier Orlando of Italy to such high churchmen as Cardinal Spellman of New York. Important subscribers consider the paper's editorials and reports as gospel to be passed down to the 338 million Catholics in the world today. Finally, because the words of the *Osservatore* reflect the voice of the Pope, important non-Catholic leaders and organizations read it.

Not a day in the year passes without the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Paris *L'Humanité*, Istanbul's *Vatan*, the Madrid *ABC*, or some other metropolitan newspaper using the credit line—"according to a story in *L'Osservatore Romano*."

Today, more than ever before in its vigorous history, the *Osservatore* is being called upon, by its backers, to use its global prestige, as well as its own powers of invective, to spearhead the greatest fight the Catholic Church has faced in half a century. The principals in this struggle, according to Pope Pius, are Christianity on one side, and

on the other, communism. The prize in this conflict is a precious one—the little men of the world.

The *Osservatore Romano* is fighting "with Moscow's *Pravda*," as the London *News Review* recently put it, "the longest and most murderous bout of words ever to take place between two newspapers." *Pravda* enrages the *Osservatore* most when it says the Vatican made a concordat with Hitler, supported Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, backed Franco in his Spanish revolt, and played ball with Pétain.

In answer, the *Osservatore's* editors argue that the Vatican is not a nation and does not take sides. Its job is to see that Catholicism survives. For this reason, it always plays neutral, tolerating almost any regime that does not strangle religion.

The *Osservatore Romano* is run by an editorial board of six laymen, all prominent Vatican officials, each an expert on some subject, and each appointed by the Pope personally. The most important member of this brain trust is a scholar, Prof. Casidio Lolli. While the Pope writes his important speeches himself, even looking up quotations from the Douay Bible, he regularly delivers extemporaneous speeches—and in eight languages—which he has no time to check before they go to press. This is Lolli's job, and it brings him into daily contact with the Pontiff.

But Lolli and the members of the board do not actually edit the paper. This work is in the hands of a partly bald, hulking man named Giuseppe

della Torre, Count of Sanguinetto, who has been managing director of the *Osservatore* under three Popes for 28 years.

Though he consults the Pontiff often, Count della Torre suffers no rigid censorship. He is a vigorous, opinionated, fearless, bull-like man. He himself writes all articles against communism, and he writes 90% of all controversial pieces the paper publishes. He writes his important articles with a pen, and he expects his employees to do the same. He feels one writes more slowly with a pen, and, therefore, thinks more clearly.

He saves his greatest wrath for the political enemies of the Church. Even though, during the war, he was publishing a paper in the heart of Axis territory, he whipped out several editorials branding Hitler as "the Anti-Christ."

On the day the nazis invaded Norway, della Torre threw all caution to the winds. In a white heat, he penned an editorial condemning Hitler and blaming the Germans for starting a world-wide war. He headlined it "The Octopus." It was picked up and republished throughout the world, creating a stir beyond all expectations. Shortly thereafter, the fascist press began demanding that della Torre be removed from his post. "They could not know," one Vatican official told me, "that if there was one way of making della Torre's position stronger, it was to ask for his replacement. The Pope would never tolerate any outside interference."

One morning, during this hectic period, the count was strolling across Piazza San Pietro, in Italian territory, when two fascist policemen halted him, and demanded that he follow them to police headquarters. Della Torre nodded agreeably, suddenly ducked beneath their arms, and raced for the white marble line on the pavement marking the border of the sovereign Vatican state. Standing there, inches beyond the white line, della Torre shouted, "Your bosses know where my office is, and if they have anything to ask me, let them make an appointment and come to me, and perhaps I will see them!" From that day forward the count slept and worked inside the Vatican, and did not leave it until Allied troops marched into Rome.

Della Torre's chief clash with the fascists came in 1940. Following its policy of strict neutrality, the *Osservatore Romano* featured a full column of daily war news, a digest of communiqués from London and Paris, as well as from Berlin. The column was called *Acta Diurna* (*Events of the Day*) and was edited by one of the *Osservatore's* veteran scribes, Prof. Guido Gonella. Throughout the German invasions of Poland, Holland, Belgium, and France, this column continued to print the Allied side of the news as well as the Axis version, making the *Osservatore* the only free-speech paper in Italy. As a result, its circulation skyrocketed from 60,000 to 350,000. The day after Italy abandoned her technical neutrality and declared war, the *Osservatore*

servatore came out, as usual, with its impartial column edited by Gonella. At once the fascists went into action. The *Osservatore* was confiscated everywhere.

Then, overnight, Gonella disappeared. He was gone for two days. Della Torre learned the blackshirts had him in jail. Their charge was that Gonella, as a citizen of Italy and not of the Vatican, was writing against the state. When the Pope learned this, he was indignant, and threatened a broadcast to the world. Mussolini refused to relent.

Della Torre had to make a deal. He suspended the paper for one day, the only day in its history the *Osservatore* did not appear, and when it came out again there was no more *Acta Diurna*.

Promptly, as agreed, Gonella was released from jail. Thereafter, the Pope gave him an apartment inside the Vatican, where he remained until the Allies arrived. Then he resigned from the *Osservatore* to become minister of public education in the De Gasperi cabinet.

Today, della Torre has a staff of 15 reporters working for him in the Vatican. Thirteen are Italian laymen, with previous journalistic experience on Catholic publications, and two are clergymen.

These reporters check and recheck stories. If an event takes place on Monday, it may not appear in the *Osservatore* until Thursday, a policy which irks many Italian readers. "We are not prompt," admitted one editor, "but we are sure!"

Local news coverage plays a secondary role. Many American correspondents in Rome consider the *Osservatore's* foreign coverage the best of any newspaper in the world. The foreign correspondents are called "informers" because they do not write stories but simply inform the paper of what is going on. The *Osservatore* has about 300 such persons spotted in every nation (except Russia and the Russian sphere), most of them Catholic journalists, prominent laymen, or priests nominated by bishops. In addition, the *Osservatore* depends on the Vatican secretariat of state, which is in daily contact with the 36 representatives of foreign governments to the Holy See.

[The effectiveness of such coverage was demonstrated this year in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. As soon as Cardinal Mindszenty was arrested, *Osservatore* was informed. While world news agencies were unable to get information except that given from official information centers, *Osservatore* each day accurately reported and forecast developments. In June and July of this year, it was the first to point out that events in Czechoslovakia paralleled developments in Hungary.—Ed.]

But often the most reliable source for first-hand foreign stories is Pope Pius XII himself. In 1946, after Archbishop Stepinac of Zagreb was tried by Marshal Tito on charges of collaboration and given 16 years at hard labor, a prominent news service sent a flash through Switzerland that Tito had broken his word and executed the archbishop. In great excitement the *Os-*

servatore prepared to banner headline the story when someone thought to check with the Pope. The Pope immediately sent a memo to the editors stating flatly that the news story was in error, that his own private sources showed Archbishop Stepinac was that very day alive and working out his 16-year sentence. "The Pope's information saved us from a catastrophe," one editor told me, "because if we had proclaimed that the archbishop was dead, Tito could have proved he was alive, and then exploited our mistake by shouting, 'See how the Vatican lies and creates false propaganda!'"

Most of the *Osservatore's* editorial rooms are austere. The most lavish workroom I could find contained one desk, several chairs, bound back issues of the *Osservatore*, a photograph of the present Pope, and three Japanese prints on the walls. The print shop is equipped with modern linotypes and fast rotary presses, imported 15 years ago from the U. S. There are 20 Italian workers, all union, in the composing and pressrooms.

A small linotype building down the street has special type for Russian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Spanish, and more than two dozen other languages. The men who toil there are linguistic acrobats. For, while the *Osservatore* runs ordinary stories in Italian, it prints all of the Pope's speeches, messages, documents, and encyclicals in the language in which he prepares them.

All this type adds up to a newspaper

whose pages are about the size of the New York *Times*. Paper shortages have cut it down from its prewar eight pages to four.

The front page is devoted to international Catholic news, and to the Pope's audiences and announcements. Page two features local Vatican and general Italian news—stories on the scarcity of bishop's cloaks, the death of an Italian nobleman, a debate in the constituent assembly. Page three contains essays and literary articles. The back page is all foreign news and comment: reports from Bern about an international auto show, from Paris about conditions in Indo-China, from London about an air crash. Page four also carries most of the advertising.

Crusades and fights are routine matters to the *Osservatore*. Its local foe is Palmiro Togliatti, the shrewd, 55-year-old ex-lawyer who heads the Italian Communist party. But even more troublesome is the anticlerical newspaper *Don Basilio*. Insultingly, *Don Basilio* refers to Pope Pius XII as "Signor Eugenio Pacelli."

The *Osservatore* fights back with fury and the battle inside Italy still rages. But the *Osservatore's* editors think it only a lesser phase of the larger struggle against *Pravda* and communism. They like to recall that when Pope Benedict XV died, in 1922, a communist spokesman announced in *Pravda*, "The last pope is dead!" The very next year Benedict's successor was calmly but forcefully speaking out against communism.



*They can't get the stage Irishman
off the screen*

Begorrahs Hollywood

BY FRANK SCULLY

Condensed from *Variety**

EVERY time Hollywood announces that an Irish comedy is on the way I leap with delight. And every time I see it, I grow pale like a banshee and boil like a live volcano.

Fifty years ago Lady Gregory wrote that Ireland's dignity suffered from persistent belittling of its character, often at the hands of its own children. She was, of course, referring particularly to Lover and Lever, a pair of home-grown clowns who wrote to please the English, not their own people. Seemingly, Hollywood has never read anything else when working out an Irish comedy.

Save for a beautiful kodachrome travelog produced by Burton Holmes and still among his top five grossers, I have not seen anything in years, which, designed to rub my Gaelic fur the right way, has not put a match to it instead.

As far back as 1904 Irish actors stopped piling on the brogue, yet in Hollywood scarcely a year passes without some brogues-gallery fugitives talking as if they were Eskimos. In this latest one, Paramount's *Top o' the Morning*, the dialects of Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, Hume Cro-

nyn and Ann Blyth will need subtitles in Dublin. Didn't any of them ever hear Father Flanagan of Boys Town talk? He was born in Ireland, yet people understood him in every corner of America.

The tradition that the Irish are a gay, dancing, belligerent race given to swinging shillelaghs one minute and incense the next may be all right in bars and cocktail lounges. But it's a nuisance to have to sit through this nonsense year after year on stage and screen, and, I fear, soon in television.

I know a lot of Irishmen, myself included, and they are nothing like those outsized leprechauns who have been spoiling my leisure for years. I suppose it could be argued for the Tyrone Powers, the Bing Crosbys, Pat O'Briens, Dennis Days, Frank McHughs and the like that they have to live. But by now all of them must be solvent enough to show some independence.

I agree with Sean O'Faolain that Ireland has clung to her youth longer and more tenaciously than any other country in Europe. For every youthful exaggeration of Irish virtue exported from Galway Bay, Hollywood doubles

it in bemused begorrahs. The Irish have resisted amazingly well the Scotch, English, Cromwellian and even the Norman invasions, but heaven help them against Hollywood.

The general trade opinion is that *Top o' the Morning* with Crosby and Fitzgerald guarantees big grosses. It has been hailed as an above-average yarn filled with lilting Irish melodies, and clean, wholesome entertainment for the whole family; that it should mop up and all that sort of thing. If forced into a pocket of resistance, I might concede that *Luck o' the Irish* was worse.

Some laugh-meter manipulator figured that if he took an American-born star of Irish ancestry and transported the broth of a lad to Ireland, the contrast between his down-to-earth behavior pattern and the whimsy of the bog-trotting natives would make Chase National richer than ever.

That the manipulators can point to bank statements as proof of how right they were in no way muffles my ire. The bank statements don't awe me either. In fact, nothing over five bucks impresses me in an argument. Beyond that sum money talks no longer. We are up where the truth is mightier. And up there perpetuating the myth that the Irish are still quaint, shillelagh-swinging tenors comes perilously close to clinkable perjury.

These script writers apparently have not seen anything written of Ireland in the last 100 years. They never read Swift and seemingly have never heard of any Irishman but Shaw. It wasn't

an accident of history that a dozen or more men who dominated the intellectual, bellicose, and artistic life of England for a generation were all Irish. Augustus St. Gaudens, George Moore, Oscar Wilde, Lady Gregory, John Millington Synge, William Butler Yeats, George Russell, Frank Harris, Conan Doyle, T. P. O'Connor, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord Northcliffe, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Sir William Orpen, Lord Dunsany and James Joyce were Irish at least as much as the Rockefellers are American.

Even today the best short stories, it is generally admitted, are not being written in America or England but Ireland. Among F. L. Green, Mary Lavin, Sean O'Faolain, Michael McLaverty, Joe and Frank O'Connor, James Stern, Seumas O'Kelly, Robert Gibbings and Bryan MacMahon there may not be a Donn Byrne, but they are several cuts above the Hollywood crop of Freudian rewrite men. Most of these Coast case-historians, husheen, make me feel like a surviving victim of the potato famine.

The loss of the Blarney Stone in *Top o' the Morning* had only one sad moment for me, and that was when it was found again. Its recovery meant the jig-dancing comic Irishman would be back next St. Patrick's day with a clay pipe stuck in his battered old hat, wearing a sprig of shamrock and marching behind McNamara's band.

In America we've had this spurious man of Aran on the stage from the

days of the original John Drew, grandfather of the current Barrymores. But it was left to William Scanlan to perpetuate the character by singing his way through the duller scenes of a dozen Irish romantic comedies. I wouldn't be surprised if the realization of the mischief he was doing was what caused Scanlan to drink himself to death. When Chauncey Olcott was signed to continue the legend he was

smart. He took a pledge. That way he could live with Cathleen Ni Houlihan and sing *Mavourneen* in his sleep without being driven insane, as Scanlan was in the end.

The Irish Duke of Wellington had an answer to such theatricalities which Hollywood might well listen to. "Sir," he used to say (indeed, I think he said it to an overacting Lord Nelson), "Sir, don't be a damned fool."



Smart Alecks

I ASKED a 5th-grade boy, "Henry, what is actual grace?"

Henry scratched the back of his neck for a few moments before replying, "Why—er—why, S'ter, it's just like a temptation, only that it's a *good* idea."

Sister M. Columba, O.S.B.



BILLY's cousin had told him his toothache had come in punishment for disobedience in eating too much candy.

In class later he sat with his head propped up in his hands. Sister Margaret noticed him. "What's the trouble, Billy? Don't you feel well?"

He shook his head. "I've got a toothache," he said.

Bending over, close to Billy, she whispered, "Say a little prayer to our Lord. He'll take it away."

"O. K., Sister," Billy sighed, "but that's where I got it." H. G. McMahon.



JOHNNY had barged roughly into Father Tim's study with some fine freshly caught trout. Seeking to impart a bit of polish to Johnny's fine character and generous heart, Father, after hearty thanks, asked Johnny to sit down and play being the priest, while the priest went out, rapped gently, and, on being admitted, bowed politely.

"Good morning, Father, I went fishing this morning and my trip proved very successful, and feeling that you would enjoy a little treat I have brought you some of the best of the lot."

Whereupon Johnny snapped to his feet with a motion toward his pocket, "Thank you, thank you, Johnny, and here's a dollar for a new fish line."

John L. O'Connor.

When Christ is in the kitchen and at the table

Merry Christmas

By FLORENCE S. BERGER

Condensed from a book*



OF ALL the rooms in a house, the friendly, comforting kitchen is mother to us all. It is the source of our food, our learning, our virtue. Here the first pale gray streaks of dawn find a woman grinding coffee; the aroma wakes the family. Here the baby spills his milk with impunity. All during the day little helpers find new adventure here in tasks which teach and amuse—even though it means sifting flour on the cat. Here the older children run, after school, to raid the apple bin or cookie jar. Even the high-school gang prefer to kick off their shoes in the kitchen rather than any other room. At night there are lessons to do here, while debate and philosophizing split the ceiling. When the rest of the rooms are asleep at last, the light in the kitchen comforts a newborn baby or a visiting neighbor. Thus the kitchen remains first and last in our affections and memories.

There is, I believe, a reason for this, and it lies in the woman who is mistress of that kitchen. Cook, you may call her. I prefer to call her Christian in Action. She herself is Christ-centered because she brings Christ home

to her kitchen and, in corollary, her kitchen reflects the Christ within her.

To some it may seem sacrilegious to connect cookery and Christ, but if I am to carry Christ home with me from the altar, I am afraid He will have to come to the kitchen because much of my time is spent there. I shall welcome Him on Easter and He shall eat new lamb with us. I shall give homage to Him on Christmas and Epiphany and shall cook a royal feast for Him and my family. I shall mourn with Him on Holy Thursday and we shall taste the bitter herbs of the Passover and break unleavened bread. Then the cooking we do will add special significance to the Church year and Christ will sanctify our daily bread. That is what is meant by the liturgical year in the kitchen.

Perhaps mothers and daughters can lead their families back to Christ-centered living and cooking. Foods can be symbols which lead the mind to spiritual thinking. After Christ preached to the multitude, He fed them. If our family is to hear the Gospel, I sha'll first feed them on symbols and then on more substantial meat. The

*Cooking for Christ. 1949. National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, 12, Iowa. 128 pp. \$2.50.

one will help the digestion of the other.

At the very first Sunday of Advent, we women hear the warning to get busy, "Stir up Thy power, we beseech Thee, oh Lord, and come." It is the time to hurry home and stir up your plum puddings. In England even today this is known as Stir-up Sunday. The more you can stir a pudding the better. Each member of the family should come and give a good stir. Plum puddings are deliberate affairs. It takes a bit of gathering and garnering before we begin.

Perhaps I could introduce our family to you while they collect the ingredients for the pudding. Mary, the eldest, with all the importance of her 11 years, is telephoning her father to please bring home some raisins, currants, citron, and almonds. These are things which won't grow on our Ohio farm. Ann, our nine-year-old, is a natural-born cook. She has been saving the orange and grapefruit peel for several days and now at last, after two parboilings, the peel is bubbling in a thick syrup. Freddie, our only boy, has been sent to the root cellar for carrots, potatoes, and apples. I can hear him banging around among the tin cans in which we will steam the pudding. Kathy, who will soon be three, has her chubby fists full of suet and bread crumbs. She plans to put them on the bird tray, but they are making a fine Hansel-and-Gretel trail across the kitchen floor and out on the hall rugs. Christine, not quite a year, is crawling after an orange.

Each year, as we assemble all those

ingredients, the children want to hear the plum-pudding story. It is a tale which goes far back into pagan times when the Celtic god, Dagda, lived in the hills of Britain. Dagda was the god of plenty. When he saw the sun turn in its course to come closer to the earth with each lengthening day, he decided to hold festival. So he built a great fire under an enormous black cauldron called Undry. In the cauldron he placed the most delicious fruits of the earth and all other good things. Slowly he cooked it, spiced it, tasted it. Dagda was pleased with his plum porridge and he was ready to rejoice at the Yuletide.

The recipe was passed down through the years. When Christianity came, the recipe was not changed. The dish of honor, though, was dedicated, not to the sun, but to Christ, "the true Light who comes to enlighten the world."

Family cooperation is well taught in the making of the pudding. Everyone lends a helping hand. At times a coin or thimble or doll are stirred in, too, just for luck. So good luck to you with the list of proportions which follows:

PLUM PUDDING

- 1 pound suet
- 3 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups stale bread crumbs
- 6 eggs
- Juice of 10 oranges
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 fresh lemon peel

- 1 fresh orange peel
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound candied orange peel
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound candied grapefruit peel
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound currants
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound citron
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound blanched almonds

To stretch your pudding add:

- 2 medium-size raw potatoes
- 2 medium-size raw apples
- 2 medium-size raw carrots

Grind the suet and bread. Moisten with beaten eggs and orange juice. Add sifted dry ingredients. Grind fresh and candied peel with the raw vegetables. Add these to the batter. Stir in raisins, currants, citron and almonds. If the pudding is dry or lumpy, add wine or fruit juice. Pack in buttered tins, and steam.

Our grandmothers would steam their plum puddings for eight or 10 hours, but I put mine in the pressure cooker at 15 pounds pressure for 80 minutes. After steaming, the pudding will keep indefinitely. Time only improves the flavor. I have kept some an entire year. If you have brandy, pour it over the top of the pudding to age, and your dessert for Christmas dinner is ready.

The children of the house have smelled the good smells of spices, and they are dancing around the table with mixing spoons and cookie cutters in their hands. "Don't forget St. Nicholas, mother. He comes tomorrow night."

There is no forgetting St. Nicholas (Dec. 6) at our house. That is the eve when we all hang up our stockings. Most of the real sport, though, comes the day before, when we make the treats to fill those stockings.

You will find traditions very easy to begin again with children. When they are grown men and women, they will

be loath to cast them aside. Most American families threw their spiritual and social traditions into the sea when they left Europe. They no longer wished to appear Dutch or French or Swedish, so they left you and me without a back-ground.

Several days later we begin to plan our Christmas cookies. Sometimes our cookies are good enough to end up as Christmas gifts. But they're always good enough to serve at parties, and to keep in a little basket that hangs on the front door for visiting children. Our four favorite cookie recipes come from Switzerland, Moravia, Holland and Germany.

One of the saddest complaints I ever heard came from a mother at a Family Life conference. She couldn't stand her teen-age daughter messing in the kitchen. The daughter had her own ideas of preparing food, and she was just in the way. As a result, the mother's kitchen was very tidy, but her daughter's emotions were in a clutter. Christ means parents to be teachers. A child can learn best by doing. If our homes were real workshops, with Christ as manager, the parents foremen, and the children as workers, we could educate more mature Christians.

If you would ask which cookie spells Christmas to me, I would vote for the sweet, honeyed *Lebkuchen*. Some modern writers have explained the name *Lebenkuchen* or Life Cake as a cookie hard and heavy enough to have a long life. That sounds like utter foolishness to me. They are too good to live long in anyone's cookie jar.

The Life Cake is, rather, a religious symbol of the new life which we find at Christmas. When we Catholics receive the consecrated Host at Christmas Mass, we pray: "May the new life derived from this sacrament ever revive us, O Lord: since it is His sacrament whose wonderful birth hath overcome the old man." The *Lebkuchen* is a perfect carryover of the Bread of Life to a special feast-day cake. Anyone who is sensitive to symbolic language can understand its Christmas message. We do not hold Christmas merely as a memory of the Lord's birth, but each year we, too, are reborn into Christ and die to the old man of sin so that we might be a "people acceptable."

LEBKUCHEN (*Life Cake*)

- 1 cup honey
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 8 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded orange peel
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped citron
- 2 cups chopped blanched almonds

Boil honey, sugar and water for five minutes. Beat in the eggs. Add sifted dry ingredients. Stir in fruit and almonds. Cover, and let stand overnight to ripen. Roll one-fourth inch thick. Cut into rectangles one inch wide by three inches long. Give cookies plenty of room on greased sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 15 minutes. When cool, ice with:

- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 5 teaspoons boiling water
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

realize it. There is a smell of sweet wood smoke in the air because our fireplace is always glowing. White hoarfrost hangs upon the trees as the fog rises from the river.

By Dec. 17, both the Church and the children become increasingly impatient for Christmas. This holy impatience has found expression in the beautiful antiphons which call Christ to come and to come quickly. It is very natural for children to use the *O Antiphons* for their daily prayer at this time. We say them at the evening meal when the Advent wreath is lighted.

Another old custom which we revived is the giving of family treats. In the monasteries long years ago, the monks furnished extra treats on those days before Christ's birthday. The gardener gave the Community some of his finest dried or preserved fruits on Dec. 19, when he called on Christ, "O Root of Jesse, come to deliver us and tarry not." The cellarer unlocked the best wine for his treat as he called, "O Key of David, come, and come quickly." Finally, on Dec. 23, the abbot gave his extra gift to the brethren. Expense accounts which are still extant show how generous and extensive a list of foods were used on the abbot's "O day."

Each one in our family keeps his gift a secret until supper time. We begin with the smallest child. His treat may be only a graham cracker for dessert. Freddie cracked and picked some black walnuts for us. All the pounding didn't give it away, because little boys are so often pounding. Ann made

December days pass by before we

some Advent-wreath cookies and used up all the cinnamon drops for decoration—on the cookies, and her face and fingers. Mary made a big casserole of baked beans, and we couldn't quite decide whether she was treating herself or the family. Finally, it was mother's turn, and then, at last, father's turn to produce something really outstanding.

When dessert time came, he got up from the table without a word, put on his hat and coat without a smile, and left us sitting at the table with our mouths open in amazement. After five minutes which seemed like hours, he stamped back into the house, with a big bowl of snow ice cream. The squeals of delight would have pleased an abbot.

At last the vigil of Christmas is here. Most of our cooking and baking is done on this day so that we may be Marys and not Marthas on the holiday. For Christmas breakfast we bake a sweet nut bread which the Bretons made. It is as wholesome as it is good.

BRETON NUT BREAD

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups sour milk
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants

Mix sifted dry ingredients in a bowl. Add sour milk slowly and stir to a smooth dough. Mix in nuts, raisins, currants. Bake in a hot oven (400°) for about 60 minutes.

Another cake, which tastes even sweeter after early morning Mass, is

made from a Greek recipe. In Greece it is customary to make this cake at Christmas and hide a silver coin deep in its crust. The one who receives the coin in his piece of cake is honor man for the day.

MELACHRINO (*Spice Cake*)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in eggs. Add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Stir in lemon juice. Pour batter into a greased 9 by 14 loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 45 minutes. While the cake is still hot, ice with:

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar
- 5 or 6 tablespoons water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice

To my mind, the ultimate in Christmas breads is the famous German *Stollen*. If you were French, you would choose *brioche* or *galette*. If you were Scotch, you might long for a Yuletide bannock. If you were Bohemian, you would want *vanocka*. But, since you are American, you may have all five. I advise that you use one sweet bread one year and another the next.

The shape of the German *Stollen* is supposed to represent the Christ child. The folds in the dough on the top of the loaf should remind you of swaddling clothes. When you bake your *Stollen*, give it plenty of room in the pan so the shape will be sure.

STOLLEN

- 1 cake yeast
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
- 6 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 1 cup shortening
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup currants
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped citron
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon extract

Dissolve yeast and teaspoonful of sugar in water. Sift flour with salt and nutmeg. Add to yeast mixture. Knead until smooth. Cover and let the dough rise to double its bulk.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and milk. Stir in fruit and flavoring. Combine this mixture with the raised dough. Knead dough again. Shape dough into ropes about one and one-half inches in diameter. For each large *Stollen*, make one rope three feet long and two that are two and one-half feet long. Braid the dough. Bring the braid to a point at either end. Place the braid on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a hot oven (400°) for 25 minutes, or until brown. This recipe will make two large or three small *Stollen*.

Our Christmas dinner is served at night. Nothing is quite so welcome in the afternoon as a glass of English eggnog and some German cinnamon stars. That blend of nationalities, at least during our lifetime, has spelled dissensions; but on Christmas day, when "the King of Peace is magnified above all kings of the whole earth," all nations are reconciled. "All flesh shall see the salvation of our God."

Being American Catholics, we can choose the best of the cultures of all the nations of the world and make them ours in Christ. We can call the songs, stories, dances and foods of all

peoples our own because in our American heritage there is blood and bone and spirit of those different men and women. If America is a melting pot, it can also be a cooking pot from which we can serve up a Christian culture.

ENGLISH EGGNOG

- 12 eggs
- $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- 1 quart brandy
- 1 pint rum
- 3 pints cream
- 2 quarts milk
- 1 cup powdered sugar

Beat egg yolks with sugar. Add brandy and rum slowly so eggs will not coagulate. Beat in milk and two pints of cream. Fold in six stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat remaining egg whites very stiff; add powdered sugar and one pint cream. Float this egg-white mixture on the eggnog. Chill overnight.

Almonds have always been associated with childhood. The Christ child was often honored by some kind of almond cookie. During the Middle Ages, almonds were used lavishly, even though they were never notably cheap. Almond milk was made by grinding blanched almonds in warm, honeyed water. This was eaten by dipping sops or toasts of bread in the milk. It was considered a safe and sane dessert for children. Almond-milk-flavored *blanc mange* was often the sweet served at a Baptism party. In France the godparents of the infant Christian still throw *dragées* (like the English Jordan almonds) to the village children who wait on the church steps or under the windows of the home where the party is held. The same *dragées* are packed in fancy white boxes and given as favors to intimates and members of the family. That is

why we use so many almonds at Christmas when the infant Christ has His birthday party.

Another job which requires the help of at least two or three children is preparation of the Christmas turkey. Turkey is typically American, but wherever Christmas is celebrated men use their finest meat for the feast. It might be roast lamb in Greece or roast goose in England. The kind is not so important as the quality. In our house, turkey it is, and always shall be, world without end.

We have tried many recipes for dressing, those with corn bread or oysters or chestnuts, but we always return like prodigals to the one my grandmother used. We like whole-wheat bread for dressing because it eliminates that pasty whiteness which you sometimes see. The turkey is stuffed the day before Christmas so that the blend of herbs in the dressing can permeate the meat and bread. This system also frees the cook on the festival day.

STUFFED TURKEY

- 10 pound turkey
- 2 loaves whole-wheat bread
- ½ cup milk
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 chopped onions
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup diced celery stalks
- 1 teaspoon dried sage
- 1 cup raisins
- Salt
- Pepper
- 1 teaspoon dried rosemary

Break the bread. Mix in milk and eggs. Fry onions in butter. Add onions, celery, sage and raisins to the dressing. Season with salt and pepper. Fill the salted turkey. Roast

uncovered in hot oven (500°) for 30 minutes. Baste with butter and dust with flour. Lower heat to 400°. Baste three or four times during the roasting period. At the last basting, sprinkle rosemary over the turkey. Cover after the bird is well browned. A 10-pound turkey will take about three hours.

Preparations for Christmas dinner are ended now, except for the plum-pudding sauce. In England after 1644, plum puddings were forbidden and declared fit only for heathens. I am sure those reformers would have changed their minds if they had had enough of this sauce. I have often doubled and tripled this recipe, so use your own judgment.

PLUM-PUDDING SAUCE

- 1 egg white
- 1 teaspoon rum
- ½ lemon juiced
- 1 ½ cups confectioners' sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ¾ cup whipped cream

Beat egg white, rum, lemon juice and sugar. Add butter and beat hard. Fold in whipped cream. Serve cold.

As the minor notes of the French carol, *Christmas Eve Is Here*, cut through the frosty air into our hearts, a dozen traditions await retelling. Many good and holy customs have been lost from one generation to another. Our old folks grow forgetful and the young ones are inattentive. As a result, our homes become modern, but our children lose touch with the good things of the past. Not that the here and now is bad. God forbid. The present, however, is enriched by a knowledge of the past and the future will be great only if our contribution

of good is great. That is why we gather and reteach Catholic traditions.

Christmas eve was not only the time to "deck the halls with boughs of holly." It was a day on which each country contributed something to Christ's cookbook. Since Christ was the Bread of Angels, men made special breads in His honor. In Germany, bread which was baked on Christmas day was holy bread. The Introit of the Golden Mass of the Wednesday of Advent Ember week was recited as the bread was baked. "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." The dew of Christmas sanctified the loaf while the charity of the Advent Ember days mounted right to the vigil of Christ's birth night. This was to be bread for the poor.

With all this talk of cakes and cookery, you will think that Christmas eve is to be nothing but a "night of cakes," as the Scotch used to call it. This, however, is not true, for the honest Christian must see first things first.

Although there be "no Christmas without flesh," the feast we prepare is but a shadow of the heavenly banquet which Christ prepares for those who

love Him. Never forget that all our earthly bread is but a symbol of the Bread of Angels which Christ serves this night at midnight.

A feast day is a day of joy, so by all means plan to use your day for higher things. A feast day is a day of freedom, so throw routine to the winds; do things differently. A feast day is a day of family gathering, so gather your dear ones at Mass, at prayers, at the table, around the Christmas tree.

There is nothing quite so unliturgical as a mother stewing over a hot stove most of Christmas day while her family waits to eat and sleep like pagan Romans. What if most of the crowds do go to midnight Mass? Why not try a quieter, more prayerful time for your sacrifice at 5:30 and then again at 10? This is a day on which to lead a higher, more perfect life. Your work is finished, so enjoy your leisure.

You have called on Christ to come all during Advent. Now He is here; run to meet Him. This is the day your family has been waiting for; now enjoy it as a family. The food you have prepared will help to bind them to your table, and the love you have given them will bear fruit. Here again cookery and Christ are united.



Red Headway

THE Chinese have accurately described the three stages of communist occupation: 1. *K'o T'ou*; 2. *Yao T'ou*; 3. *Sha T'ou*; or 1. "to bow the head," sweetness and light for propaganda effect; 2. "to shake the head," warning that if all their actions are not approved all will not be well; 3. "to cut off the head."

John J. O'Farrell, S.J., in *Jesuit Missions* (Oct. '49).

Man has a split second to choose between
the abundant life and—annihilation

Lighted Atoms Can Feed Us All

By EVA BEARD

Condensed from *America**



GREEN plants know a secret. The secret is how they catch and hold the energy of that lord of all atom-splitters, the sun; how they weave sunlight, air and water into plant tissue.

The secret yields a little. Down at the U. S. Atomic Energy commission's laboratories at Oak Ridge, researchers are sending out radioactive isotopes to laboratories in more than 21 countries and every state in the Union. We can hope against hunger, say the atomic scientists, if there is no war; and if we can banish hunger from the earth, so then perhaps war.

Isotope is a Greek word. It means "the same space." Scientists tell us that almost every element has at least one isotope, or "brother," some as many as eight. (The 92 naturally occurring elements, as every high-school student knows, arrange themselves in a periodic table, with the lightest, hydrogen, at the beginning, and the heaviest, uranium, at the end.) Chemically, the "brothers" are identical and thus occupy the same space in the periodic table; but they differ in atomic weight—that's how we discovered them.

Some of these "brothers" are stable, unchanging, like "heavy" hydrogen. Others are constantly changing, unstable. They are "breaking down," "decaying." In the process, they give off heat and light rays and infinitely small fragments of matter. They are "radioactive." We can tag them by means of photographic film or such sensitive instruments as the Geiger-Muller counter. We can chart their course through the most intricate reactions, through soils, growing plants, the bodies of men and animals that live on the same plants.

Only a few years ago radioactive isotopes, cyclotron produced, were beyond the reach of most laboratories. Radioactive carbon, Carbon 14, for example, cost \$1 million per millicurie. Today, produced in the chain-reacting atomic pile at Oak Ridge, Carbon 14 costs \$50 per millicurie.

Carbon 14, a kind of master key, has yet to unlock for us the door to the last, most secret sanctuary of life's mystery; but the outermost door opens a crack. Chlorophyll is the green coloring matter you see in plants. At the Universities of California, Chicago,

Texas, Washington, and elsewhere, men are studying how this chlorophyll traps and stores the energy of the sun. In the U. S. alone we have 18 such projects. The process, photosynthesis, is extremely rapid. At the University of Chicago, experimenters fed Carbon 14, just as fast a worker, to a single-celled fresh-water green alga for 30 seconds in the form of radioactive carbon dioxide. In that time the chlorophyll drew all the radiant carbon into one small fraction of itself, 2% of the dry plant. Within this 2% was an entirely new substance, stable, unchanging in the dark; in sunlight changing into sugar and other plant substances. Now they have isolated this "proto-chlorophyll" in pure form at the Carnegie Institution of Washington. It looks as if we can now find a way to by-pass Mother Nature, bent on her own stupendous concerns, not our minor ones. In short, maybe we can produce food without the help of green plants. Maybe we can make "sun-fuel" in factories without the centuries-long storage in the earth which produces coal and oil.

A-bombs fell in Japan, and soon we heard tales of enormous crop yields. It now appears that they were due not to direct effects of radiation but to burned soil and ash from organic matter and burned buildings. Negative results have been obtained from two-year tests in which scientists fed radioactive material directly to crops. Financed by the U. S. Atomic Energy commission, this work was done by the U. S. Department of Agriculture

in 13 states and at the department's plant-industry station at Beltsville, Md.

Putting "lighted atoms" to work on the vast dark areas of soil, however, is already paying off. Farmers are likely to enjoy enormous savings by cutting down their use of fertilizer. Chief among the searchlight atoms is radio-phosphorus, P 32. We do not know why, but plants take up only about 20% of the phosphorus in the soil.

Inserting P 32 into commercial fertilizer, a plant physiologist can watch it wend its way to the leaf tips and seed of a wheat, corn, potato or tomato plant. He can measure where, how much, how fast. He can study the curious "blocking mechanism" which explains why plants don't absorb more phosphorus. He knows already that the corn plant uses phosphorus mainly in the early stages of growth, while potatoes use it throughout the growing season. He knows how near to seed potatoes phosphates should be placed. He is getting an idea of the relation of soil fertility to the cotton plant's intake of phosphorus. One by one, for each of the major crop plants, he is making a phosphorus map, a lime, potassium, nitrogen map. As soon as practicable, his findings undergo field tests.

Florida has areas deficient in certain "trace minerals," zinc, copper, cobalt, among others, of which plants need only a very little, but which little they must have. At the University of Florida, experimenters trace these minerals, as well as the more important ones, upward out of the soil. The cow that

eats the grass growing on soil that has been fed radioactive minerals becomes a chart telling us where these minerals go in her flesh and bones, her milk, her offspring. Even the hen upon her nest is not safe from the isotopic eye.

Our new isotopic tool will help us find out much more about sugars, fats, proteins, about growth itself, in all forms of life. Growth-regulating substances, plant hormones, for instance, have become widely used in agriculture as rooting mediums, weed killers, and preharvest fruit-crop sprays. We have been, however, far from completely understanding them, and the infinitesimal amounts used made exact study impossible before we had radioisotopes. Researchers use radioiodine (I-131) now to study plant hormones at the U. S. Department of Agriculture's station at Beltsville, Md.

A further use of the new discoveries concerns food preservation. Apples and oranges in cold storage still live; they breathe in oxygen, breathe out carbon dioxide. Chemicals known as enzymes are essential to this "respiration." If the enzymes work too fast, fruit ripens and spoils. The Enzyme Research laboratory at Albany, Calif., is using Phosphorus 32 and Carbon 14 in projects concerning the ripening and storage of citrus fruits. Even the

"pure scientific" research in photosynthesis appears likely to have practical results soon. Such developments as new strains of range grasses rich in energy in early stages of growth may come soon.

Isotopes stir anew the world's hope against famine. Even without the new atomic tools, without atomic food and atomic fuel, man had the knowledge to permit him to live, if not well. Per-acre crop yields had steadily risen, the number of man-hours required to grow 100 bushels of wheat had steadily dropped. Also, the scientists say that perhaps a billion acres can be added to the world's cultivable soil. The ocean can be farmed, an adaptable fat and protein-producing alga harvested; and the ocean is the world's vast mineral-storage plant. Huge quantities of proteins can be grown out of wood-waste sugars, using high-yield strains of yeast. Even without atomic power, the earth's 1960 population need have small fear of starving if man can only make peace with himself.

Today, with sun power to command, man need not merely live. He can live in peace and plenty, in unimagined splendor of body, mind and spirit. Sun power can be friend or foe. It will be as man himself decides in this, his split second of time.



THE whisky which advertises The Man of Distinction is beginning to have a little trouble with the people who refer, quite thoughtlessly of course, to The Man of Extinction.

From Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine (Oct. '49).

*A girl who ran away from home founded
a congregation that grew up with America*

The Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth

By SISTER JULIA, S.C.L.

THE story of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth begins with the birth of Ann Ross in Cincinnati, Nov. 17, 1813. She was the fourth child born into the home of a Methodist preacher.

For 15 years, Ann lived in her father's home, his favorite child, arousing no disapproval until she attended Benediction with a convert friend. Disapproval grew into wrath when she attended Mass with the same friend. After her reception into the Catholic Church her position for three years was almost unbearable. Finally, failing to win her father's consent to enter the Community of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Ky., she entered without it, Aug. 22, 1832. She became Sister Xavier by drawing a nameslip from the apron of Mother Frances Gardnier.

Her peaceful noviceship, however, was interrupted one day by a visit from her parents, from whom she had heard nothing since leaving their house one morning at dawn. They had come to Nazareth to take her home. Sister



Xavier's youth argued in their favor, and Bishop Flaget, then at Bardstown, urged her to return with them, saying, "If God wants you to serve Him as a Sister of Charity, He will provide the means for you to do so."

At Louisville on their way home, Mr. Ross was warned by a river captain that cholera was raging in Cincinnati and that it would be dangerous to go there. After registering with his wife and daughter at the Galt House,

Mr. Ross went off to care for some business matters. During his absence, Ann got her mother's consent to return to Nazareth and went back to her convent.

Her novitiate continued until March 25, 1834, when she made her first vows. She then was sent to the orphan asylum in Louisville for several years, later becoming the superior of the house. In 1847 she was appointed superior of St. Mary's Female Academy in Nashville. When cholera broke out there the next year, she and her companions closed their school and went about with the hospital Sisters doing

house-to-house nursing. In 1851, when Bishop Miles planned to establish a diocesan Community, Sister Xavier with five other volunteers left the security of Nazareth to enter upon the pioneering venture. Sister Xavier was elected the mother superior of this new Community.

The undertaking proved ill-starred. Difficulties arose between the bishop and the spiritual director he had appointed for the Sisters. The director withdrew from the diocese, leaving behind several large debts incurred in the erection of a new academy and orphanage. Since the bishop could not take responsibility for the debts, the Sisters resolved to sell all they possessed in the world to pay them.

With no prospects of a home any other place, the Sisters set about disposing of their property, trusting providence that a shelter would somehow come to them.

Previous to this they had not thought of leaving Tennessee, but now the prospect of the Northwestern Territories began to unfold itself before them. They might emigrate there and have a wide field for their labors.

In September, 1858, a Metropolitan Council was to open in St. Louis. To this, bishops from the West would come, and one of them might want a Community of Sisters. Mother Xavier, on money donated by friends, went alone to St. Louis. Archbishop Kenrick told her that he knew of no bishop looking for Sisters but that he had no objection to their coming into his province if they could find such a bishop.



With this small crumb of comfort, Mother Xavier took her leave. At the entrance to the archbishop's residence, she heard that Father DeSmet, greatest of all Indian missionaries, was at St. Francis Xavier's College. She sought his counsel. He considered her visit most opportune, for he told her that Father John B. Miège, Vicar-Apostolic of the Indian Territory, was very anxious to get a colony of Sisters, and would be in St. Louis the very next day for the convening of the council. Mother Xavier met the bishop, who turned out to be most willing to receive her Community. Nov. 1, 1858, the first group of four professed Sisters, one novice, two postulants, and an orphan girl set out for Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory. They arrived November 11, to find that only an unfurnished cottage awaited them. Yet, six days after their arrival, the daily newspaper carried a lengthy advertisement of their Academy of the Immaculate Conception. A second group of five professed Sisters and three orphan

girls arrived in Leavenworth during the Christmas holidays of 1858, and Mother Xavier and her companion, in February, 1859.

The spring of 1859 found the Sisters' accommodations too crowded, so a cottage was bought to be used as a boarding school. By the end of the summer of 1860 a two-story brick academy was built and ready for occupancy. During these years, Mother Xavier continued in charge of the young Community and again realized one of her aims when, in 1862, she was able to receive children into a newly erected orphanage.

The need of a hospital led to the opening of St. John's in Leavenworth in 1864. Branch houses in Lawrence and Wyandotte opened within a few years, and in 1869 another hope of the Sisters became a reality when Father DeSmet insisted upon their undertaking missionary work among the white children of Last Chance Gulch, as Helena, Mont., was then called.

Five volunteers for the work in the Rockies undertook the long trip in the fall of 1869. The Union Pacific carried them to Corinne, Utah, where they transferred to the stagecoach. The dust was unendurable. After a few days and nights of this, they rounded a curve in the mountains, and there lay the beautiful Prickly Pear valley. Again, no convent was in readiness, but generous families received the Sisters until they could build a home.

As hardships were overcome in Montana, they increased in Leavenworth. The contractor threatened

mortgage foreclosure on a new motherhouse built in 1870. Not knowing where to borrow more money, Mother Xavier summoned the Community and told them their only recourse was prayer. After some weeks of fasting and prayer enough contributions came in to save the motherhouse.

As the Community grew in numbers, requests multiplied for the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth to open or staff various institutions. Besides Kansas and Montana, establishments were made in Colorado, Wyoming, Missouri, New Mexico, Nebraska, and California. In those states, the Sisters care for foundlings and orphans as well as for crippled children. As early as 1882 the Sisters began the teaching of Negro children. Hospitals and nurses' training schools have long been part of their work. Today, the Community also offers opportunities to young women wishing to become practical nurses. A year's basic training enables them to assist in the care of the sick both in hospitals and in private homes.

Now, in the course of the years, the Sisters find themselves teaching on the elementary, secondary, and college levels. Besides these works, the Community also cares for the aged, and finds occupation for many of its members in the offices and domestic work of its more than 80 institutions. Catechetical work, vacation schools, and retreats for women also are part of their work.

During the more than 90 years of its lifetime, the Institute of the Sisters

of Charity of Leavenworth has preserved its original identity and pursued its distinctive career. The convictions of its foundress still live. She felt that the best intellectual preparation which a school affords is not a special training, but general culture; she wanted to teach her students those principles of knowledge fundamental to all professions, occupations, and activities. Her foremost aim was the training of character and developing the spirit.

The motto of the Order is its spirit:

"The greatest of these is charity." The institute's coat-of-arms shows to advantage its fields of labor: the distaff, its domestic industry and fidelity; the open book, its learning and teaching; the cross of red, the Church; the blue canton bearing the crescent of the Immaculate Conception and the heart of charity show in color and symbol that the institute is of American origin in the Catholic Church, devoted to learning and feminine domestic virtues, guided by charity under the protection of the Blessed Virgin.



*The mysterious man from the concentration camp
gave us little chance to talk but much to think about*

The Gentleman's Visit

By JOHN A. LYNCH

Condensed from the *Catholic World**

I WILL tell it to you as story, because if I told it as fact, you would look at me aghast and say you did not believe it.

Although he could not have been more than 35, he appeared much older, with graying hair and deep furrows in his thin face. He slipped his coat loosely from his shoulders, and instead of sitting down with us, he persisted in walking back and forth the full length of the room, stopping at each turn to

scuff at the carpet with his toe, then continuing again, clasping and unclasping his hands. Like his coat, his suit hung loosely on his frame, and as he walked his trousers flapped against his legs. We noticed after a bit that he was lame.

The ship had docked at nine, he told us, and he had come directly to our house. The trip across the ocean had been comfortable enough, but it had taken less than a week, and a week's

*411 W. 59th St., New York City, 19. October, 1949.

time could not erase the scenes he had witnessed, the agony he had endured, the tragic stories he had heard.

"I suppose it is difficult for those who have never had such experiences to understand," he began abruptly. "Those who have remained at home, secure, unaware." He scuffed at the carpet, pacing back and forth. "For it seemed impossible at first to make even the neighbors understand. We found, you see, persons living quite close to the walls who swore they had no knowledge of what went on behind the walls. '*Gott in Himmell*!' they would say, exactly as if it was no concern of theirs, 'You do not think we are like them!' Then, looking for an alibi, 'We did not know!'

"That is why we brought them in then, so that they could see for themselves, because they said they did not know. And when they saw, we tried to make them understand, but it was difficult. Perhaps for some it had a meaning. But the majority went around retching and throwing themselves against the walls, yelling to be let out, to be allowed to go, wailing and screaming, 'We did not know!'

"And what was it they saw that caused them to act like this? Nothing much, really. For the greater part of the inhuman deed had already been consummated. They saw only the few who were left, the few who were still to die. These few seemed many, of course, but to the whole pattern they were nothing. They were like a residue that has been caught in the sewer pipes because the pipes are already

clogged. It was not intended, of course, to leave even the slightest trace behind, but it all ended so suddenly there was no time to obliterate everything. There had to be something, someone, left. The furnaces, the antechambers, they could not destroy entirely in the allotted time. Something went wrong and there was this residue. 'We did not know!' the neighbors shouted. And when told that this was only a part, only the merest nothing, they would not believe. 'Impossible!' they said. They threw up their fat hands and walked away."

Having thus broached the subject, the gentleman sat down; his hands still twitched, his trousers hung loosely around his legs.

The concentration camps were being visited regularly now, he told us. By the military, by the government agencies, the relief organizations, and then, by the citizenry, the neighbors. For a while the camps were stench-ridden, ghastly sights, but gradually, as the numbers of visitors, of reporters and photographers increased, the absolute, stark inhumanity of the camps gave way.

Beneath the pressure of numbers, of the men who came and saw and made notes and went away again, the spirit of the camps disappeared and was no longer apparent to those who merely visited them out of morbid curiosity. But he had known it, and he told us of an incident.

"For several days after the armies of the Allies went through," he said, "there could be seen at one of the

camps a number of large, well-fed dogs. Those had been trained as watchdogs, but later they had become the pets of the camp master and were kept in private quarters. Those dogs had been fed in a singular way.

"In a certain high-walled room of the camp, selected inmates were hung by their hands from hooks on the wall. They were strung up so that their feet could not touch the floor, and their faces turned to the wall so that they could not see. The dogs were let loose in the room and, after a certain amount of training, learned to leap at the men and tear jawfuls of flesh from their thighs. This is the way the dogs were fed, as simply and as cruelly as that."

The room was silent, as if a trial were in progress and we were hearing the chief witness. The gentleman's hands were twitching, but not more so than when he had first come in. He looked from one to the other of us quietly. Presently he went on.

"I am able to speak of this thing calmly, you see. For it is like any other truth; it can be told in a rational tone of voice, there is no need to be dramatic. Indignation overwhelms one, however, when we understand its import.

"The dogs were seen in the camp after it had been opened. And at that time the inmates, those who were left, were allowed to go about freely. They were allowed to see things that they had not previously seen, and one of the things they saw were those very dogs. And the dogs, mind you, saw the men. The dogs saw the very men who, but

for the grace of God, they would have been feeding on. And what happened? The dogs did not know them!

"When these men were allowed a little life, when they were seen walking about, when their flesh had begun to take on a little color, when they were allowed to appear like other men, the dogs did not know them. The dogs searched in vain for their food, but they had known only a depraved thing, a figure hung from a wall, and what they now saw seemed of no use to them. Eventually the dogs had to be destroyed, for they had lived too long in the camp and they could not return to a normal life.

"For them normality had been something other; it had been degradation. It had been a system of living where they were on a level above that of the prisoners and they had used those living men for food.

"And in the camps it seemingly had been planned that this condition be regarded as proper. To be sure, it was efficient, but it had been established as proper. It was the normal thing to do, not the abnormal. Dogs outranked men. It exemplifies perhaps, to some extent, the underlying spirit of the camps. It exemplifies the reversal, the tortured twisting, the completely insane breeding of ideas under which men were made to live, and under which they died.

"'We did not know,' the neighbors said. They drank from the well and did not know that it was poisoned. All that they wanted was the water, they did not know that there was poison,

too. Nor did they *want* to know. They were secure; the people had what they wanted, they were getting what was promised them. They drank at the well and did not question the man who came to fill it. And when the truth came out, they said, as if unjustly accused, 'We did not know!'

"And so they drank from the well of the Fatherland. '*Deutschland über Alles!*' they could sing, for the well was running full now. There was plenty of water. They did not look to see if there was poison, too.

"But it was a deep-running poison. It was a poison first of their minds, degrading them to the point where they could see nothing but the water in the well, rising and bubbling, kept alive for the Fatherland by a gang of thieves—but, of course, thieves whom they 'did not know.' For they never went beyond the edge of the well. They went only to draw the water, they never went farther to see who was putting it there.

"And because of that, they held themselves innocent, not responsible. They did not want war, they said. But it is on the record that they wanted the very things that lead to war.

"They did not want the camps. They did not want slaves. They wanted only a prosperous Germany. They did not question how it would be brought about.

"They placed their trust not in God, but in a madman. They let him fill the well to overflowing and they drank of it without question, for the water tasted good to their palates. Anything

beyond that? Why, 'We did not know,' they said!

"When the madman said, 'Believe in me,' they believed. They did not try to find out what it was he stood for—they believed blindly, they drank blindly. For what was to be the glory of the Fatherland—but what is now its shame—he gave them power; he gave the people wealth, he gave them, finally, their own death. For wealth meant production, and production meant labor, and labor meant, in its most efficient way, slaves. Power meant purity, and purity meant a single race, and a single race meant, in again the most efficient way, the extermination of undesirables. But 'We did not know,' they said, 'we only wanted wealth and power, we did not want those other things you tell us of. We did not want this regimenting of the individual.'"

The gentleman stood up, looking from one to the other of us as he had before, the lines of his face dark, his premature gray hair ill-combed, his suit hanging as loosely as a beggar's. He started pacing again, to and fro, limping slightly.

"It is quite obvious wherein lies the guilt," he said, "even if it be guilt unrealized. For truth is truth, whether man believes it or not, and guilt is guilt, whether it is known or not. We have the result and there must be a cause. The excuse, 'We did not know,' is sufficient, for it is an excuse that is handed from one to another, from one to another, from one to another, until it washes out in some faraway stream,

until it is heard so often, so repetitiously, that it becomes as nothing. And when it becomes as nothing, the crime it seeks to explain becomes as nothing. And perhaps that is what the people want—that it should become nothing, and as nothing will be forgotten, and they will be absolved.

"But just as they would diminish the responsibility for the crime, the responsibility, becoming thinner, spreads farther and farther and touches distant shores.

"And is this, then, not just the reverse of that order which in the end made the camps? For in the beginning of that order what voice on distant shores was raised to put down the madman? Was there not silence, and did not this silence help to support the plans of the man who was filling the well with poisoned water? For if the people drew the water without question, could not the water become contaminated without their knowledge? So much so that in the very environs of the camps, within the very sound and smell of them, the citizens could say, 'We did not know'?

"As the crime that was approved by silence grew within the world, just so the responsibility for it seeps back on the paths along which came approval. It washes back to distant shores, far from the actual scene of the furnaces and the high-walled rooms, and as it washes it becomes thinner. It becomes thinner and thinner, so that in very distant places there can be heard, amid the shrug of shoulders, as with the neighbors, 'We did not know.'"

The gentleman stood uneasily before us, staring straight ahead, his hands twitching. "But there will remain," he said, "like truth itself, whether seen or unseen, believed or not believed, the vision of the men whom even the dogs did not know."

He said nothing more. With difficulty he put on his long coat again, hesitating as he did so, looking strangely at us. Then he went out the door, shuffling, stumbling as he went.

It was then that we looked at each other, with bewilderment in our eyes. For standing there, in the still open doorway, we knew that none of us had ever seen the gentleman before.



City-Desk Solomon

IN A big New York newspaper office one day a reporter who had covered a Sunday function got into trouble because he had omitted to state that Governor Smith was present at the Mass. The city editor overheard. His remark was, "Al Smith at Mass is no news. It would be news if he stayed away."

From More Catechism Stories by F. H. Drinkwater (1949: Newman Press).

Some reluctant revelations
by the distillers

What's in Whisky?

By JACK WILSON



Condensed from the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune**

Whisky is one of God's creatures like all other pieces of creation: milk, wine, gunpowder, and the structure of the atom. Used according to God's will it remains good. Used contrary to His will it becomes an occasion for evil, as do all things.

This article should counteract the false impression, given by advertising, that whisky is greatly improved by age. Its price improves and that is about all.

A BOTTLE of \$2 whisky won't necessarily make you feel any worse the next morning than one of \$7 bourbon.

Whisky that has been aged six months is half as old as stuff that's been in the wood for four years. Two-year-old whisky is 80% as old as four-year-old whisky.

There's more fusel oil, the high-octane knockout stuff, in "good old whisky" than there is in back-country corn likker or in skidrow "smoke."

Those are some of the little items of information that have seeped out of the liquor industry's big scrap about whether whisky aged in re-used barrels

should be labeled "aged in the wood," the same as that stored in new, charred white-oak casks.

Some distillers had to store their whisky in re-used barrels during the war, when the cooperage industry was making more important things. Others, who owned their own cooperage plants, continued to use new containers.

The resulting discussions before ATU, the internal revenue bureau's alcohol-tax unit, have turned up some inside family stuff that the distillers have been at no pains to advertise widely.

Some of it came from their own admissions, some from ATU chemists who made a special study of the whisky-aging process.

One thing none of them found out: the cause of a hangover. And as far as the best scientists—medical and alcoholic—know, nobody has any certain knowledge on the subject.

One of the nation's top authorities on such matters guessed it might have something to do with post-drinking dehydration. He said there also was

a theory that a vitamin deficiency, result of too much drink and not enough food, might lead to your wishing you were dead the next morning. He did not know.

There's an old theory that the lemon juice in a Tom Collins is what makes you wish you had been a better boy the night before. But the experts who tentatively proffer that one concede that they never experience the screaming meemies after a brisk bout with lemonade.

One popular theory is that the fusel oil in whisky will start those little men banging the inside of your head in the dull gray dawn. But there is no fusel oil in gin, little in Scotch or Canadian or cheap, blended whisky. Any of which can cause internal ructions of a distressing nature, according to those who have tried them.

In its undiluted form, fusel oil is a powerful poison. Actually it is a "heavy" alcohol. It has three carbon atoms in its molecule for two in ethyl alcohol. A whiff of it would give you a blinding headache. In whisky it is diluted to about 150 parts in 10,000. Alcohol that is distilled at high temperature has no fusel oil. Scotch and Canadian whisky, high temperature products, have little. Blended whisky, composed of straight alcohol and lightweight, high-temperature whisky, also has little fusel oil.

But good, solid American bourbon and rye are distilled at lower temperatures, so that the fusel oil stays in. Then they are stored in oak barrels for a few years—and while some of

the other ingredients pass through the wood and vanish, the fusel oil stays in. The result is that well-aged whisky has a higher percentage of fusel oil when it comes out of the cask than when it went in.

Take the word of Joseph F. Haeffelin, production manager of the American Distilling Co.: "Contrary to popular misconception, fusel oil is present in larger amounts in aged whisky than in new whisky." Aging covers up the taste of the fusel oil. If second-hand barrels are used, like the sherry casks in which Scotch and Canadian whiskies are stored, the aging process is slower and the end product is considerably different from whisky stored in new barrels. That's what all the talking is about.

The patent office is full of trick proposals for hurrying the aging process. Right now there is a gentleman named Hajime Hoshi, a big chemist in Japan, who claims to be able to turn out 15-year-old fire water in 12 minutes. His system shoots electric currents through a mixture of glucose-glycerine, acid coloring and "essence."

Back in 1857, A. Wolcott and A. S. Wolcott, East Bloomfield, N. Y., got U. S. patent No. 1 in the quick-aging line. They dreamed up a gadget to rock the whisky barrels gently in a hot room. This was supposed to simulate the heat and wave action on whisky carried on ships traveling in the tropics.

Other proposals, all duly recorded in the patent office: to spray whisky from an atomizer onto a screen; to

blow cold air through the kegs; to put charcoal in a perforated tube and age whisky in the bottle. Infra-red rays, ultra-violet rays, supersonic frequencies and steam have all been proposed as agents for giving white mule that rare old aroma between now and supper time.

The industry and the government continue to insist on aging the stuff in wooden barrels, at the rate of 24 hours a day. At the same time they admit that, aside from counting the esters* and looking at the color, about the only way to tell if it is properly aged is to taste it.

Incidentally, the whisky people

*Compounds formed by the replacement of the acid hydrogen of an acid, organic or inorganic, by a hydrocarbon radical.

themselves don't know what's in the stuff. Testimony at the hearings indicated that most of them subscribe to the opinion that whisky is composed of at least 38 identical compounds, plus about as many more never tagged.

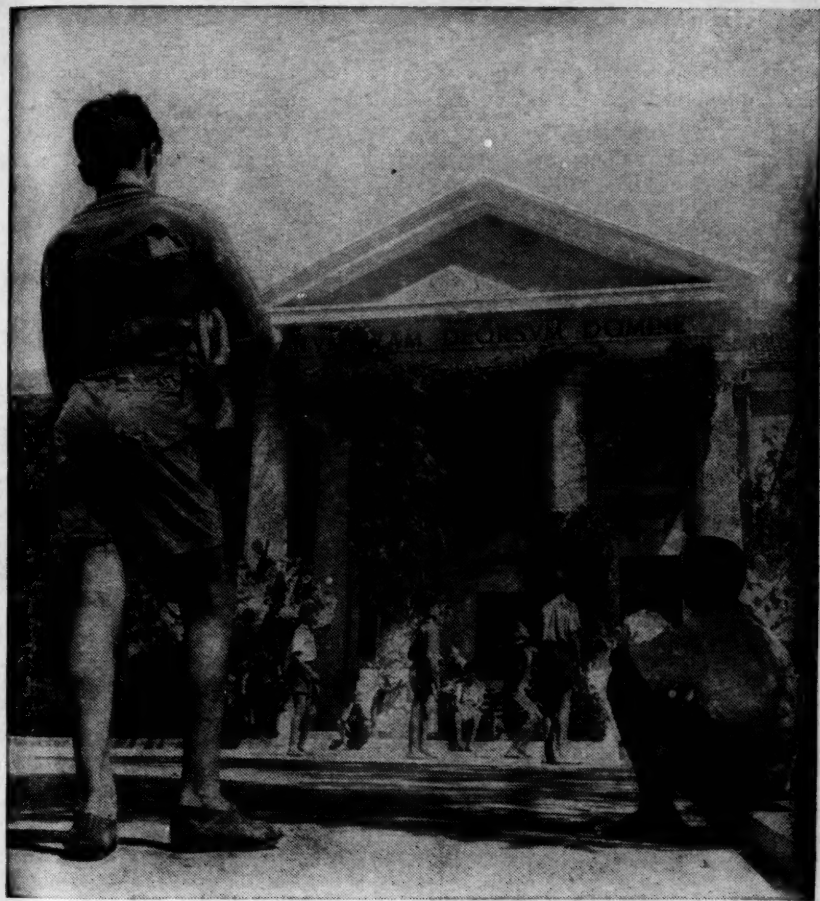
Here's one more item of some interest if you have theories about not mixing your drinks. Chemically it is impossible to tell bourbon whisky from rye, or to tell whether a given batch was made from grain spirits or cane spirits. A chemist can't tell compounded bathtub gin from distilled gin.

The only explanation anybody has been able to offer to explain why "cheap" liquor seems to sabotage the human innards worse than "good" liquor is that you can afford to drink more of the cheaper stuff.

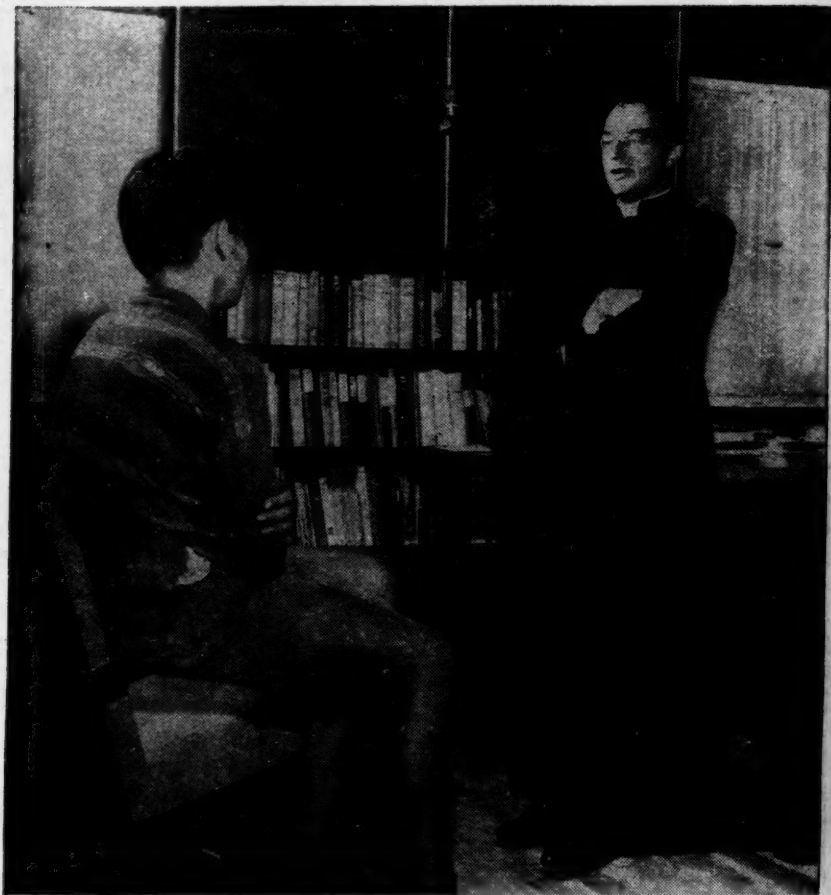
PICTURE STORY

Italian Boys Town

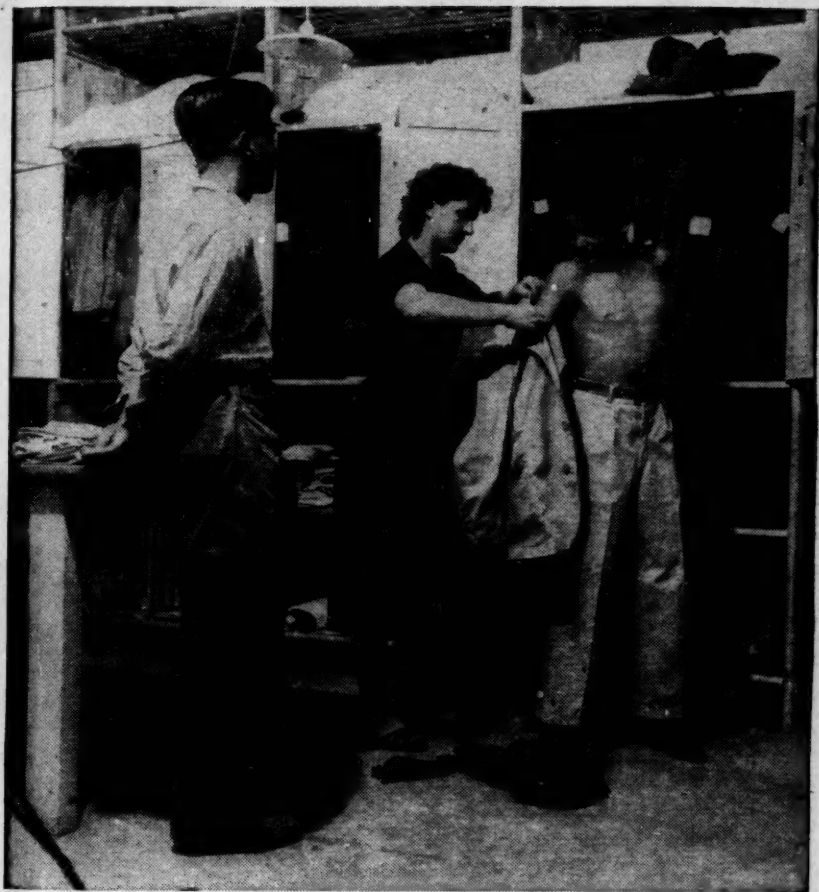
A heartbreaking and alarming aftermath of the war all over Europe was the sudden appearance of a population of vagabond boys. Homeless, orphaned, even mutilated, they scoured the streets and roamed the countryside, begging, stealing or "making deals" to keep alive. In Italy, Don Antonio Rivolta, a Milanese priest, decided to do something about it. He conceived the idea of a Boys Republic, where there should be complete liberty and self-government under a system of justice and honor. An Irish-American priest, Msgr. Carroll Abbing, the director of the American Relief for Italy, heard of the project and enthusiastically supported it. Together they have realized their dream of rescue. The Boys Town village, called Santa Marinella, is 60 miles north of Rome, near the seacoast town of Civitavecchia.



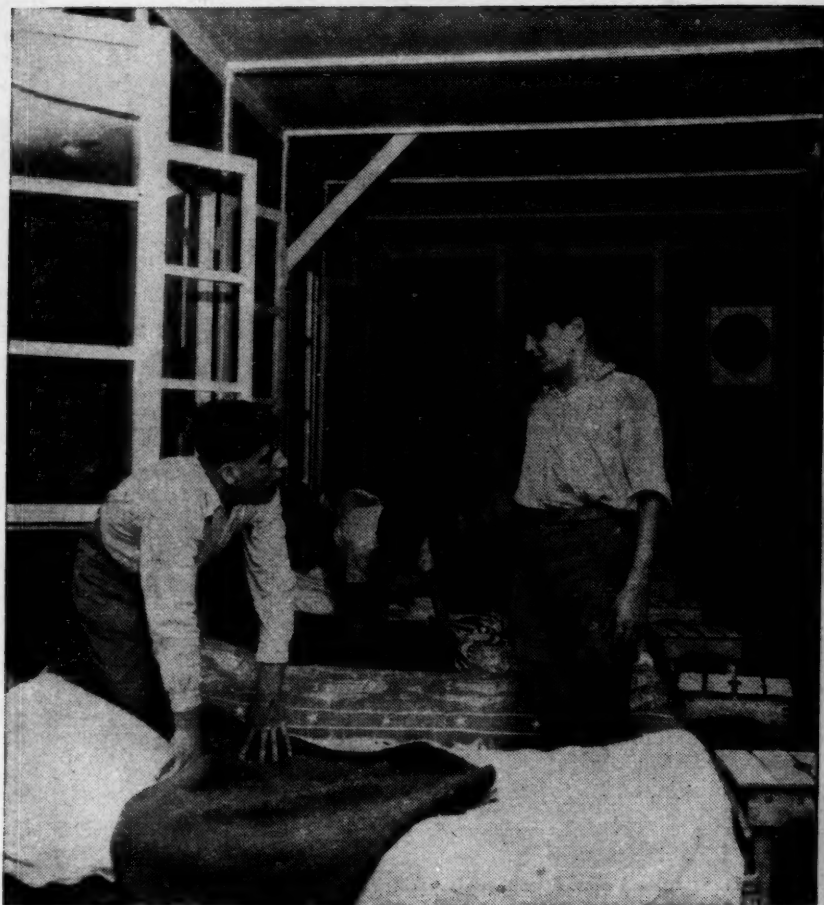
Raimondo has just arrived to seek admittance. His clothes are in ragged contrast to the other boys' as he watches them playing volley ball in the village square. None of the boys has been selected by an outside agency. All have come voluntarily and any boy who is without a father, or a home, is eligible. He is asked to stay as a "guest" for two weeks while he observes and is observed. During this time he is not required to work, but takes part in the sports and other activities. Whether or not he stays on is then decided by a vote of the other "citizens."



He next presents himself to Monsignor Abbing, who acts as the boys' friend and counselor. Raimondo is asked questions about his background and his past, which he is in no way required to answer if he does not wish to. The counselor explains to him the workings of the Town. The idea of a school which is democratically run by the children is not strange or new, especially in America, where Father Flanagan's Boys Town has attained world fame. But nowhere have children, who seemed in need of such strict discipline, been given more freedom and proven so worthy of the trust.



The mayor, a 16-year-old boy, looks on while Raimondo is fitted with new clothes by the wardrobe mistress of the town. Cleanliness, unknown to them before, is one of the things the boys are taught. This original building was the home of a wealthy Roman whom Don Rivolta had once saved from a communist firing squad and who gave him his bomb-scarred estate in gratitude. With this as a nucleus, he began construction of a village in its entirety—school buildings, dormitories, a magistrate's court, a parish council, a church, a bank, a restaurant, and a store.



The mayor shows Raimondo his bed in one of the five "hotels" which provide sleeping accommodations in the town. The rooms are large and sunny and accommodate 25 boys each. The boys must keep their rooms in order. Cleaning time is from 6:30 to 7:30 every day. They are paid for this as for other work. Don Rivolta felt that for these youngsters, who came from the hard life of the streets, any educational system which canceled money's importance would be doomed to failure. He knew that earning and handling money would be a sound part of their training.



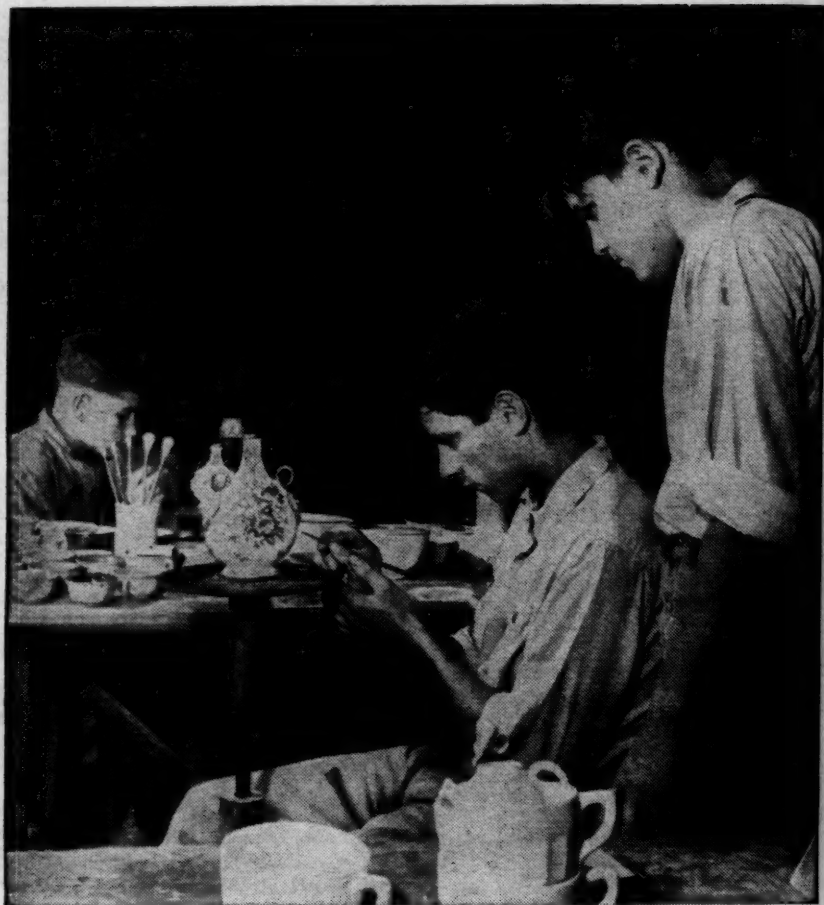
For the first time in his life Raimondo experiences the luxury of running hot and cold water. The thrill of the occasion makes him so excited he stays for two or three washings. When his companions can coax him out of the shower and into his new clothes they may take him to near-by Civitavecchia to a movie. If their recent earnings do not warrant this treat, they may just browse around the town, sightseeing or visiting with families with whom they have made friends, a far cry from the days when they were considered little vagrants and every door was closed to them.



They may leave the town without a pass and there is no guard at the gate. The only restraint for dishonesty is the public opinion of the whole school. Rule breakers are soon brought into line by fair judgments of the council and a feeling of loyalty to the school. And woe betide the one who shirks or expects to get his living from the efforts of the others. At the end of his meal each boy must pay the waiter for services rendered. Those who have not earned any money are out of luck and may go unfed. The total fee for a day's board is nine lira.



This 12-year-old merchant is very proud of his job as manager of the general store or "emporio." On sale are comic books, pop, candy, nuts, sweetmeats, and many of the articles the boys themselves have made. The results of their work, such as ceramics, woodcarvings, shoes, paintings, dolls, are sold throughout Italy, and the money is used for the school. During the warm weather they leave off their shoes to "save them" so that they will have a little more money to spend in the "emporio." No litter is allowed around the store, and they are meticulously clean about the landscaping and grounds.



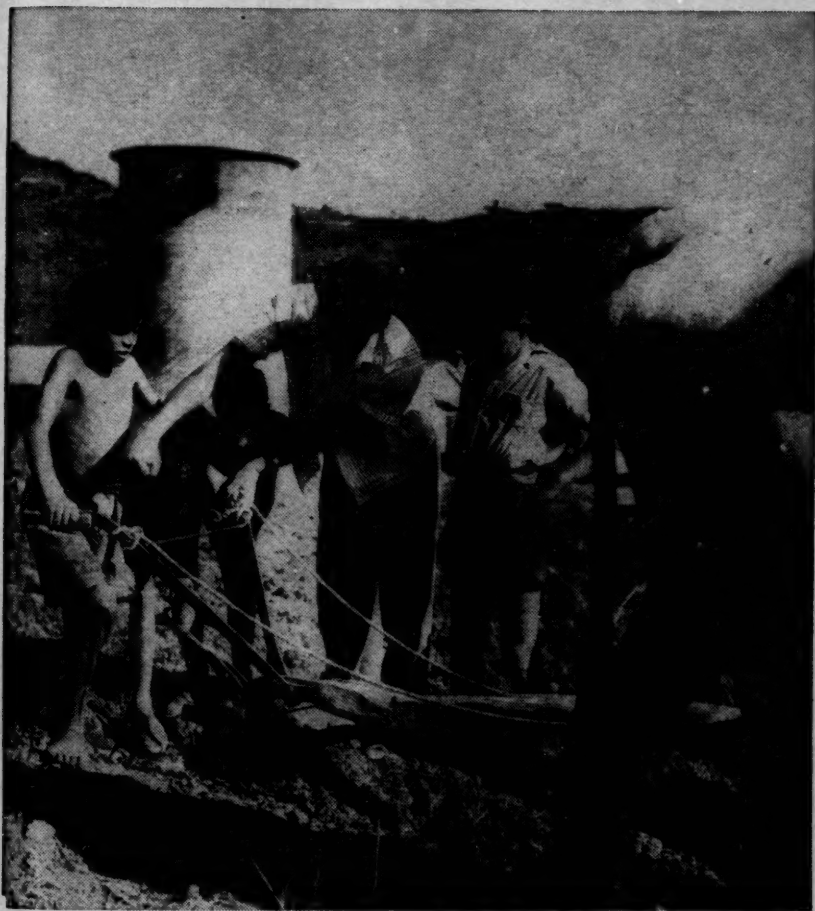
During his first two weeks as a "guest" of the town, Raimondo wanders about to the various shops and observes the activities. He is attracted to the ceramics shops, where he watches a boy decorating a vase. Raimondo has artistic talent, and he is quite sure that this is what he would like to do. This is an important decision, for it may become his profession when he leaves Santa Marinella. If he becomes a good artist, craftsman, carpenter, or shoemaker, he will be found employment or helped in setting up his own shop when he leaves school.



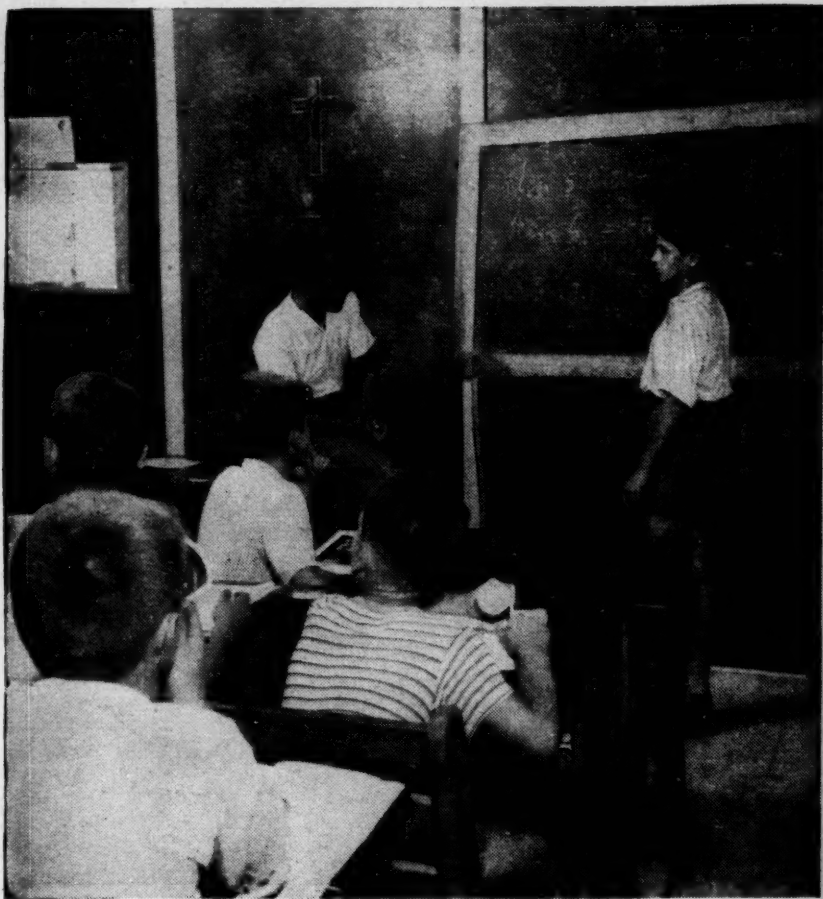
From the start he is warned that he must work and earn his way. Here he tries his hand at a flower vase on a potter's wheel. However, he is allowed to make a trial of several occupations to be sure that he selects the one for which he is best fitted. His range of selection is remarkably wide. He can choose his work in one of the three "villages": the industrial, where the arts and crafts and trades are taught; the farming community, where boys can become dairymen and farm workers; or the fishing village, where he may learn boat-making, fishing and net-mending.



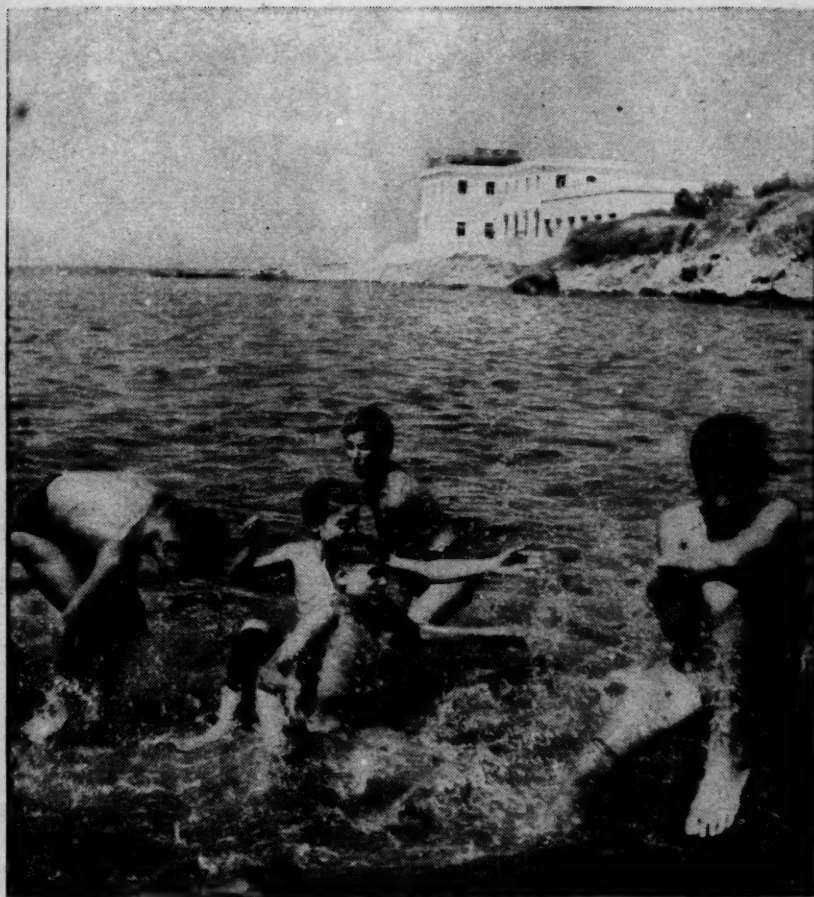
Thus the boys have a more varied and leisurely choice than most boys under far better economic conditions. Under the supervision of a competent shoemaker, the boys learn to repair and rebuild old shoes. Here they learn a trade and at the same time keep the many hundreds of shoes in the town in good order. They spend several hours daily performing really adult tasks with professional precision. They are encouraged to work with manual tools so that they will not become dependent upon expensive machinery which they will not be able to buy when they go out to open their own shops.



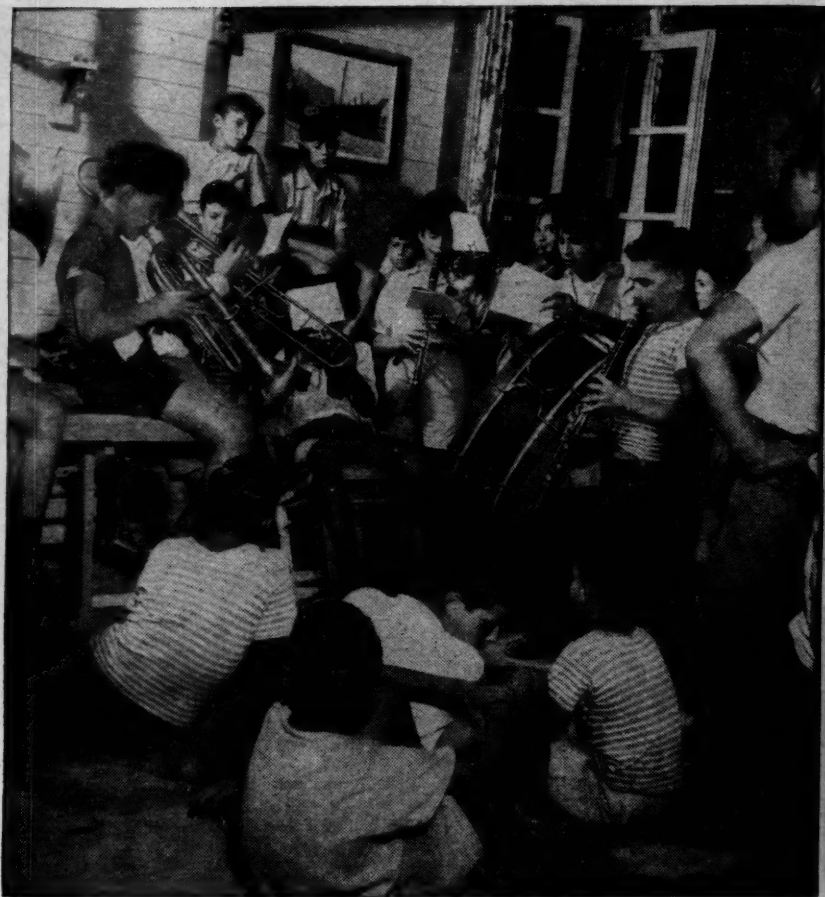
Every boy has a full and varied day's work. He goes to school in the morning, and in the afternoon he is busy farming or fishing. The city urchins take to the open-air life of the country with enthusiasm. Many begin to learn to plow at the age of ten. They do not look their ages. Their diminished height shows that they have grown up underfed and underprivileged. In their new life they soon begin to take on extra weight and stature. The farm is the boys' property, the proceeds going to the town. Daily about 150 quarts of milk from the dairy are brought to the neighboring towns for sale.



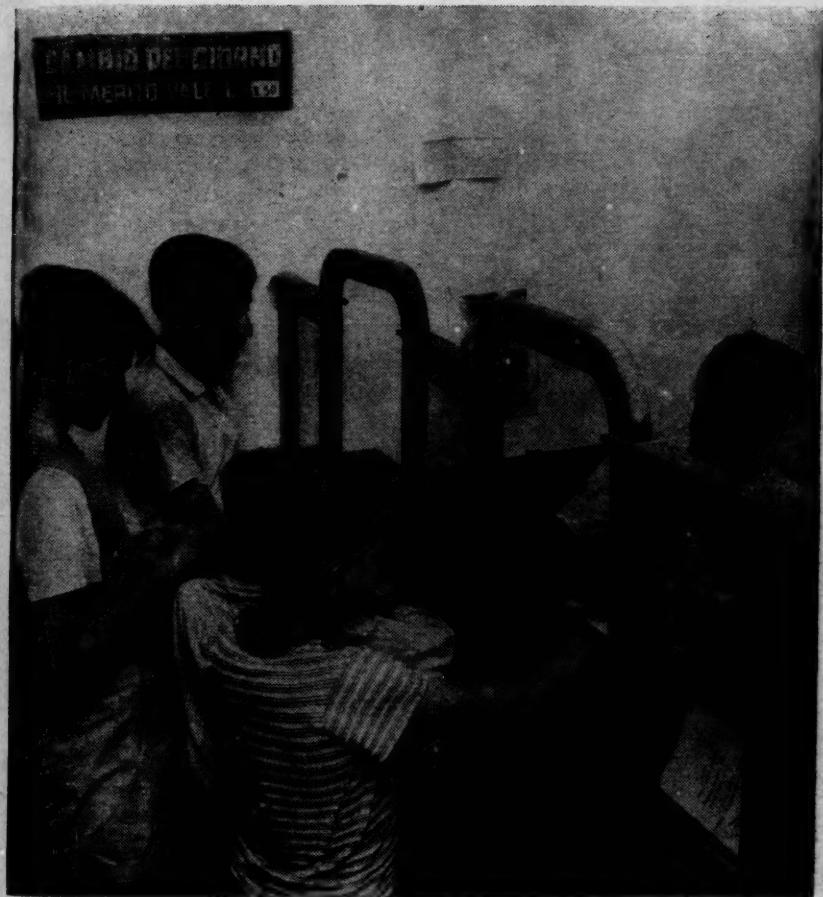
Some of the boys as old as Raimondo cannot read nor write. The government has placed teachers in the school for elementary instruction. They give the boys a basic background in the cultural arts of their country, for which they have great aptitude. If they show ability for courses in higher study, scholarships in private schools are sought for them. Monsignor Abbing supervises the religious instruction. All the teachers, whether placed there by the American Relief for Italy, or sent by the Italian government, must be approved by the Boys Assembly before they may teach.



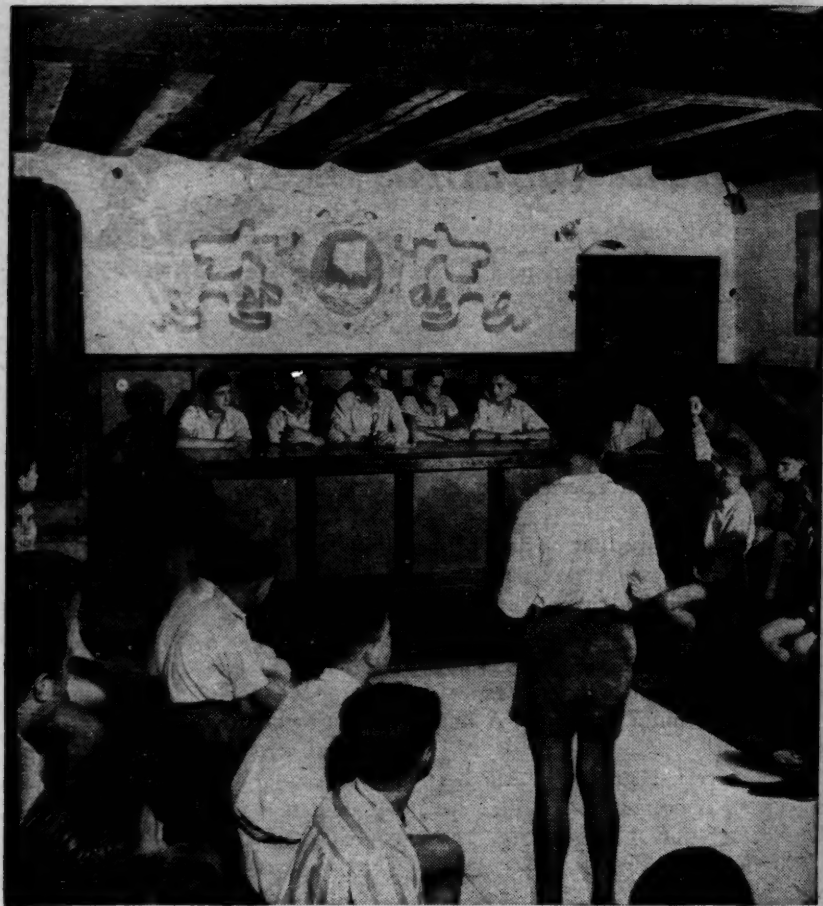
After work or school, the boys are free to do as they please. Here they are taking a bath in the Mediterranean. Raimondo's happiness at his first contact with companionship is reflected in the smiles of his companions. The other boys, who have been through the same experience, understand better than anyone else could the first bewilderment of a "stray" at home at last. Knowing this, the counselors wisely leave the adjustment of the newcomer in the hands of the others. In the background is the new building which will be called Sea Village and will be the school for fishermen.



Raimondo is now a part of the group. He begins to feel secure and to forget the ugliness and danger of the city streets. The school band welcomes him to a rehearsal. The Italian youngsters show a natural talent for music. When the American Relief for Italy provided the musical instruments, they immediately created a band, and spend many of the evenings playing popular American hit tunes. They listen to American dance music over their radio and then swing into an imitation of it, all but the wind-instrument players chewing gum American style.



The currency, minted in the village, is known as "merits." A boy may earn as much as 30 "merits" a day. With this he pays for his meals in the restaurant and for his night's lodging. All the products made in the shop are sold on the outside, and the proceeds go to a fund from which each boy will be able to draw \$500 in cash when he leaves the town with his certificate of skilled craftsmanship in any given field. This cash award will help him to set up his own business. The boys become quite expert bankers, arranging loans, opening accounts, and exchanging money.



Raimondo appears before the Assembly to hear whether he is to stay or not. The administration is run by all the boys, controlled by a mayor and his councillors, who are elected by secret ballot. The decisions of the Assembly are respected by all authorities, including Monsignor Abbing, the leader of the Town today. Only the financial administration is operated by the American Relief for Italy. Every evening in the town hall the mayor presides over the Assembly of Citizens, who discuss the distribution of tasks and offices, and the laws and problems of the village. All may take part.

*He took them gifts but they repaid
him with arrows*

Father Jubilo and the Wild Indians

By WILLIAM LAVARRE

Condensed from the
*American Legion Magazine**



FATHER JUBILO, the civilized people of the Magdalena often reminded each other, was just too good for this world. He was always seeing angels where he should have seen devils, or savages.

As he came toward me on an otherwise unpleasant jungle trail his black cassock was weighted down with mud around his boots and he looked like a gleeful penguin waddling nearer and nearer on much too short legs.

"Good morning!" he said. "A fine day, isn't it!"

"Not very!" I grunted. "Another surveyor has been killed on the pipe line!"

"Motilonos?" he asked, sitting down with a sigh on a mossy log.

"Motilonos!" I repeated. "That's eight white men they've killed—silently. Twenty-one police dogs, too!"

Father Jubilo massaged his silvery hair halo silently for several moments as he habitually did when faced with evidence of man's wickedness. "I've often asked myself," he said, "what I would think if I were a Motilon Indian instead of a priest. The Motilonos

could make speeches, too, if they had deputies, or votes, in the legislature! We *civilizados*, they could say, have suddenly begun creeping up around them with big dogs and other weapons, pointing the muzzles of long steel pipes at Motilon villages and Motilon farms."

"Well, Father," I said, "what would you think, or do, if you were not priest—but oil man?"

He chuckled softly to himself as though all sorts of visions were dancing in his head. "I'd first try to prove that oil men, though not saints, are certainly not devils," he said. "I'd send no more surveying or geological ground expeditions into Motilon country until I had their tribal permission. I'd learn their language so I could talk our problems over with them. I'd agree to pay them a royalty for every barrel of oil I pumped out just as I'd have to do if they were not Motilonos but *civilizados*—or *politicos*!"

"Yes, I have some ideas," he continued seriously, "and I think they might create assets for Indians as well

as oil men. If the oil companies would have patience, keep their men out of Motilon country for six months, and let me make friends with the Indians, I could do it. First I'll have to persuade the Motilones to trust me. Then I can persuade them to trust other white men, oil men in particular. I'd need a small airplane, a skillful pilot. . . ."

The oil officials, assembled in Baranquilla, were skeptical. Father Jubilo, they said, lived in a dream world behind his rose-colored glasses. History proved that the Motilones were not civilizable like other tribes. Many white men, including missionaries, had been killed and not even one Motilon had ever become friendly.

One hundred million barrels of oil, they knew from air and geological surveys, lay waiting for use in the mountains and river valley of Motilon country, the watershed between Lake Maracaibo and the Magdalena. Should fewer than 1,500 wild Indians be allowed to keep that modern treasure from the rest of the world?

But Father Jubilo, a persuasive man of God with primitive people, was persuasive also with oil men. When I next heard of him he was no longer waddling through the mud of the Colombian jungle. He was flying back and forth over Motilon country in a specially imported airplane, painted with bright scarlet enamel to make it quickly identifiable as far as the eye could see.

Each night he got together small bundles of gifts, tied with red ribbon; then with the sun he rose over the

Sierra de Perija and its river canyons and dropped presents with little red parachutes whenever he spotted a Motilon or Motilon village in the jungles below.

The oil companies, Father Jubilo told me, were fine partners; they had imported very fine quality trade goods in almost superabundance. Young pilot Jim who flew the little scarlet plane had the skill of a swallow. Yes, he had seen Motilones. They'd stop whatever they were doing at the moment and dive for jungle cover. But they were receiving the parachuted presents—when he returned the next day his red parachutes had always disappeared from the rocks, ground, or even the tree tops where he had dropped them.

"Yesterday," Father Jubilo told me optimistically when we next met, "I dropped my 500th bundle! And do you know my best news? Well, I've spotted Motilon women wearing the dresses I sent down to them! Now I'm dropping mirrors, perfume, scented soap, ten-cent-store jewelry—and plenty of candy for the children!" Motilones, he told me, were no longer diving out of sight when the plane spotted them.

"A fine old heart the Father has," a Maracaibo skeptic said, "but the Motilones are wild animals, not people. If I flew over a tiger den and dropped raw meat I could get the beasts to sit up on their haunches when I came again, waiting for another carcass! But the tigers wouldn't be pussy cats—or tame!" Father Jubilo, he insisted, was

merely giving the Motilones appetites for things they'd soon be raiding the nearest oil camps at night to steal!

On several occasions I told the old missionary that most of his observers thought he should be dropping candy mixed with poison or presents containing delayed-action bombs, rather than peace offerings. But his reply was always a loud good-natured chuckle. "Well," he admitted after he had experienced a narrow escape from a fog-blanketed canyon, "I suppose it might seem simpler just to erase the Indians from the jungle and be done with them. But they are God's people too, aren't they? Tell my critics to have patience, son! Each week I can feel a growing friendship down there among the Motilones. They watch the sky, now, for my arrival," he added happily, "and wave to me!"

"Bah!" an idle pipe-line engineer grunted. "When we built a railroad from New York to California did we let a few Indians stand in our way? No, *señor!* We killed 'em by the thousands in the old days of real pioneering. We're too soft, these days!"

But Father Jubilo, patiently flying his sky trails, was increasingly happy. Other planes flying across the mountains from the Magdalena to Maracaibo seldom saw Motilones and then only for an instant. But the Indians didn't hide from the little scarlet plane. "They recognize me now as a Motilon friend!" he told me. "And they'll recognize me as a friend when they see me on the ground walking toward them!" He was making very certain of

this, he explained, by dropping in each gift bundle a set of colored photographs, one showing him looking out of the plane, one getting out of the cockpit, one walking with a red ribbon-tied bundle in his arms, and a fourth photograph showing how he looked when shaking hands with some smiling mission Indians.

"If I was the padre," a big oil driller grunted, "I'd wear a steel vest on my back as well as my belly!"

No friend, however, could swerve the old missionary from his plans or philosophies. "I think the time has come," he announced one evening as we watched the blazing sun set with a roar of color into the Caribbean, "to take off my temporary wings and walk again like a man. Wish me good luck! By the time you return from Panama I'll be up there in the Sierra de Perija or along the banks of the Rio Oro, living with the Motilones!"

"So long, padre!" I said, clutching his big hand. "Walk with God, but *cuidado!* Walk carefully!"

"I'll have to live with them alone for a month or so, several months maybe," he admitted. "I'll have to learn to talk with them and compose a Motilon dictionary, so that others can talk with Motilones. I've arranged with young Jim to fly over on certain days and drop supplies—with big parachutes!"

That was the last time I saw jolly Father Jubilo. I left at dawn next morning for a flight to the Panama Canal. He was flying in the opposite direction, southeast from Barranquilla

to an oil camp where a pipe line was pumping oil from the southernmost edge of Motilon country. He had air-mapped a foot route from the camp into the mountain-locked valley of the Rio Oro. He was going to walk alone across the boundary of civilization with a pack on his back and a bundle tied with red ribbon in his arms.

When I next picked up Father Jubilo's trail, or rather chronology, a month later, I received a terrific mental as well as spiritual shock.

"What's the good news of Padre Jubilo?" I asked as soon as I entered the oil men's screened clubhouse in the Magdalena jungles.

A pipe-line guard, late of the U. S. Marines, looked at me with a frozen, leathery face for a moment. "Not so good these days!" he said, and left me alone in the room with Big Mike, the bartender.

"O.K., Mike!" I said, impatiently. "You tell me! How's the padre?"

"Dead!" he grunted.

"I don't believe it!" I said feeling suddenly weak and unsure of myself.

"You shoulda been here!" Mike growled. "Or don't you ever cry?"

I just stood still on weak knees with the wide bar between us.

It took me some time to dig the details out of the big, silently crying man across the bar. Father Jubilo, early one morning, had left the patrolled pipe-line trail, waved good-by to the pipe-line guards, and headed north into the foothill jungles of the Sierra de Perija. He would let no other man accompany him and he refused to take

a police dog. He had a pack on his back and a bundle in his arms—a bundle tied up like a Christmas present, Big Mike said, with the biggest red ribbon bow he had ever seen.

But three of the pipe-line guards, Mike explained, "got heebie jeebies," the next day and decided to follow his trail just to make sure, at a distance, that nothing happened to him. Father Jubilo had not walked very fast nor very far. When the armed guards caught up with him he was lying on his back on the muddy ground.

There was a thick short arrow sticking out of Father Jubilo's forehead, Mike said, and there was a long black palm arrow sticking straight up out of his fat stomach, a murderous pair of presents from the savage Motilones—with bright red ribbons tied to them.

It will be a long time before any other man flies over the jungles of the Rio Oro, or the Sierra de Perija, offering Motilon savages friendship.

Father Jubilo's body lies buried in the Colombian jungles, under a big white cross. I made a pilgrimage to his grave with an escort of machine-gun-armed ex-G.I.'s who are now guarding the oil camp and the pipe line, and six man-hunting K-9 trained ex-war dogs. Big Mike stood beside me with his big bald head, bowed in silent prayer, glistening in the sunlight. But no peaceful target for Motilon arrows was Mike. Two automatics were strapped to his hips and two automatics hung over his chest from shoulder holsters. And in his arms rested a short-barreled riot gun.

They wait for Mom's O.K. and
marry late—or become wild geese and fly away.

The Vanishing Irish

By P. B. NOONAN, C.S.SP.

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

THE IRISH, if the present rate of decline continues, will be extinct in less than 100 years. The saddest feature of the tragedy is the universal unconcern of the Irish themselves. Very few, even among the thinking elite, have uttered a cry of warning. The ordinary folk still cling tenaciously to a system which is more deadly than either the plantations or the rack, while successive governments have done little or nothing to avert the evil.

It sounds unreasonably pessimistic to foretell the total disappearance of the very people among whom Christian marriage is respected and birth control is at a minimum. But the outlook is anything but optimistic. Even the Black Famine of 1848 is a minor catastrophe in comparison with the deadly but hidden blight which now saps the vitality of the Celt, as a nation.

The modern trends which affect the stability of the Irish population, emigration, rural depopulation and town crowding, are the heralds of racial



decay. They are grave national evils. In other countries emigration is perhaps the normal expansion of a surplus population; in Ireland it is depriving an underpopulated country of the fairest of its sons and daughters. It is a sign, not of progress, but of inevitable doom.

During the last 100 years the population of the 26 counties has fallen from over 6½ million to less than 3 million. As the total city population is substantially unchanged, it follows that

the decrease has been exclusively in the rural areas. Nor is the tragedy complete. In recent years the flight from the land has increased.

In contrast with all the other European countries, Ireland has the smallest average rural population—and the population is lowest where the land is best. This is why it is so hard to explain the excessive emigration figures. Rural Ireland could and should support three times the present number in comfort.

Country life is being subordinated to the city. An underpopulated nonindus-

trial country which panders to the gay life of a swollen metropolis of over 550,000 inhabitants, one-sixth of the total population, has lost due respect for the struggling farmer and cottier.

The emigration figures are startling. During the ten-year span 1936-1946, nearly a quarter of a million, if we include those who joined the British forces, left Ireland. In 1942 alone more than 55,000 emigrated.

A greater source of alarm is the prevailing system of late marriages. Up and down the country there is the same lamentable (if amusing) spectacle of bachelors and older girls who still cherish the hope of capturing a suitable spouse.

According to the most recent census, only 35% of the total population are married. Of those who marry, approximately 70% marry after their 30th year. The average age for marriage for men is 35-40, and 30-35 for women. Country people, on whom the nation depends for its healthiest stock, marry later than city people.

In no other country in the world is marriage so late in life, and perhaps in no other country in the world is there such a high proportion of unmarried. Worse than the number of those unmarried is the custom of deferring marriage almost unto sterility.

If we take the system such as it is at present, the average family will be fewer than three, excluding the parents. Thus, even if emigration were to cease entirely and if every child were to live to maturity, the Irish race would still be incapable of reproducing itself.

Unless immediate and drastic measures are taken, the Irish will either disappear altogether or continue to survive only as an enervated minority in a planted country. Already Ireland has become the Land of Promise for many adventurous or tax-fleeing foreigners who eagerly purchase the lands and property vacated by the emigrant. I have heard 50,000 quoted as the number of aliens who have settled in the country in recent years.

It is not easy to assign any one particular reason for the low as well as the late marriage rate in Ireland. No two bachelors will attribute to the same motives or conditions their failure to marry. In the first place, the very mentality of the people is opposed to youthful unions. The present faulty system, which originated in the stress and poverty of a bygone age, is now regarded as the ideal system.

The average man does not regard the prospects of matrimony seriously until he has reached his 30's. Frequently it is the man in possession of all the normal comforts of life who emerges into confirmed bachelorhood. He does not require a wife to cook his meals or to keep his home in order. He can pay a maid or he may have a loyal unmarried sister.

A large percentage of the marriage evasions is due to this kind of inertia, but prevailing economic conditions are by far more responsible. The problem involves a faulty financial system, vested interests, the uneven distribution of land, the progressive subordination of rural life, lack of housing, bureau-

cratic inefficiency, and, finally, the inheritance of all the national evils which follow centuries of alien domination.

Were the youth of Ireland in a position to earn an honest living and establish a home in their own land, it is certain that emigration would almost cease and the marriage rate would be higher. A country which has more reclaimable territory than all Central Europe together, which has nearly \$1 billion of its money invested abroad, and which provides a sanctuary for all sorts of undesirable aliens, could do more for its own sons and daughters.

There are also certain customs inherent in the Irish way of family life which impede early marriage. Chief among these is the custom by which the parents retain the ownership and administration of their property even into the 70's and 80's. Only the grave will terminate their rule. Meanwhile, the eldest son, who is frequently the only boy of the family to emigrate, is prevented from bringing a wife home.

It does not seem that the road to matrimony will in time become easier for the young men of Ireland. Since the proportion of female emigrants is rapidly increasing, an average of 14,000 per year, of whom 70% are under 25, the number of female candidates for matrimony will be correspondingly reduced. Even those who return and marry in their native land will reject the attentions of the hard-working farmer in favor of the business man, the civil servant, or the lout. Their urbanized manners will no long-

er be compatible with the healthy but arduous duties of a farmer's wife.

The past decade has indeed witnessed a striking change in Irish girlhood. The combined influences of emigration, the tourist influx, the craze for pleasure, and modern trends in thought and conduct have well nigh transformed the traditional colleen into a sophisticated Miss. A rural existence no longer appeals to her.

Teaching the people that the normal age for marriage is before, not after, 30 should be the work of the schools, the pulpit, and press. Likewise, judicious legislation should safeguard the freedom of the son who wishes to marry. It is not in the interests of national prosperity that selfish parents should retain to the grave a quasidictatorial authority. Their work will be all the more efficiently executed if transferred to younger hands. The law should entitle the dependent heir who enters the married state to the ownership, partial at least, of his father's property and wealth. There is no injustice if the parents are guaranteed a home.

Of late there are some indications that the Irish authorities have taken up the matter seriously. Recent pastoralists have decried the evils of emigration and late marriages. The same problems have been discussed in parliament and a commission has been formed to inquire into their causes and to suggest remedies. There is a growing sense of uneasiness which may well be the herald of an all-out effort to save the country and the people.

*Here are the reasons why Russia
keeps the curtain closed*

Guests of the Kremlin

By ROBERT G. EMMENS

Excerpts from a book*

WHAT happens when five lusty young Americans are "guests" of the Soviet Government? Lieut.-Col. Robert G. Emmens, who was one of them, tells you. His is the exciting story of the Doolittle bomber crew who bombed Tokyo in 1942, found their gasoline running low, and landed in Siberia.

Mortally afraid of drawing Japan into the war against them, the Russians promptly interned their unexpected guests. They furnished a staff to take care of their needs, shipped them 8,000 miles to various parts and climates of Russia and stubbornly refused them the comfort of explanations. One year and one month later they made their exciting and dramatic escape from Ashkabad into Iran. What they saw and experienced meanwhile makes one of the most unusual and revealing stories of Russia and the Russians ever to come from behind the Iron Curtain.

MIKE, our Russian guard, told us that now we were going to have the promised bath. We had seen nothing that looked like a shower bath or a bathtub, and we were wondering just what the procedure would be here. Three cars were waiting outside for us. Three Russian officers accompanied us. A city was not even in sight, so far out of town were we. We drove for almost 15 minutes, and came to a very small village. The houses were all dilapidated. There were no paved streets. The few persons we saw on the streets looked even poorer and more fright-

ened in the daylight than they did the night we drove out there.

We stopped in front of a tiny log hut which formed part of the fence along the narrow street. One of the officers got out and knocked on the door, and an old woman, in absolute rags, opened it. The Russian beckoned to us to follow him. We entered a tiny anteroom with a long bench along one wall. The ceiling was so low that I could not stand straight. All eight crowded in here, the five of us and the three Russian officers.

The old lady gave each of us a piece

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of cloth, unhemmed and of somewhat the same material as our American dish towels, which was to serve as a towel. The Russian officers seemed not the least surprised at any of this. There were no excuses offered for not having anything better, and I must admit that we saw nothing that indicated that anything better had ever existed.

The old lady opened another door into a larger room from which came clouds of steam. At one end of this second room were long benches in tiers, like a grandstand. There was room for us all to sit. Mike seemed to take charge of everything. Explaining that this was a Russian bath, he took a dipper and, out of a barrel of water located in the middle of the room, threw water on a pile of stones which formed one corner of the room. A fire had been built from an opening under the stones on the outside, and the fire had heated the stones so hot that when water was thrown on them steam rose in clouds.

After we had been in the hot steam about half an hour, the old lady brought us some bundles of branches. The idea is to dip the bundle of branches into the barrel of water and then beat yourself or the guy next to you with them. After we did this for a while, the one cake of soap one of the officers had procured from somewhere was passed around and we washed ourselves in the usual manner.

I WILL not go into a day-by-day description of our trip out to western Russia on the Trans-Siberian railroad.

Exact sequence of events and conversations are hazy now and are rather inconsequential.

Everyone we saw, on and off the train, was in rags. In stations, we were never allowed off the train. But during the day our car would be spotted as passenger-carrying coach as distinguished from a freight car, and many, many beggars would beg for a crust of bread through our windows. Everyone, literally everyone, in every station we passed, seemed to be a pauper. Old and young women alike, old men (there weren't any young men), children, and even the stray dogs seemed to sort of hump along in a peculiar shuffle, ever mindful of the possibilities of getting a piece of bread. The children were the most impressive. Bands of them dressed in absolute tatters, no shoes, and covered with filth—completely black, some of them—roved the railroad station area and begged for food. Many times we saw station guards, always armed with gun and stick, swing ruthlessly on people obstructing a passage or gathering around a car window.

We stayed one entire day on a siding out in the country. We were on a double track and several troop trains went by. We saw their soldiers riding in boxcars with only straw on the floor, no bunks. We saw soldiers and horses together in the same boxcars. The weather was warm and sunny. Once a troop train stopped alongside us and there was a mad scramble of soldiers to the banks of a little stream on the other side of our train. They wasted

no time stripping and wading in to bathe. But it didn't take a second glance to observe that some of them were women. Getting clean was apparently uppermost in their minds, because the sexes seemed to be completely oblivious of each other.

"What are the women, Mike? Are they on the troop train with the men? Are they combat troops?"

"They are nurses," said Mike. "They are taught to sew, to shoot, and are trained in the principles of giving first aid. You have nurses in your army, too, don't you?"

"Yes, we do." It seemed useless to try to explain a difference.

During the afternoon their train jockeyed back and forth a bit. Once it stopped so that a boxcar, straw on the floor exactly like the rest of them, but full of women, was practically within touching distance of our windows. We lowered our window and at least half a dozen curious faces peered in at us. The curtains on our windows must have seemed strange to them compared to their accommodations. They were in varying stages of dress and undress and there must have been at least 20 in that boxcar. And these evidently hadn't had the bath we had observed others like them taking earlier that day.

"*Khleb? khleb?*" (bread) one or two of them asked, smiling. One was rather pretty. We managed to slip them a fair-sized chunk of black bread, but the racket they made was too much. Mike came storming up the aisle and slammed the window shut.

"I tell you, you must not do this thing." He went back to his section.

Ski and I slowly slipped the window open again and indicated "Sh-h-h" to two of the girls who were still at their window.

The pretty blonde was there. "You—German—prisoner?" she said slowly.

"No, Americans—Americansky," said Ski.

"You—American—prisoner?" Her English was slow but understandable.

"No——" began Ski, but their train started moving. The blond girl still wore a look of puzzlement. I don't suppose she ever quite figured that out by herself, if she ever gave it a second thought. As their train went by, we noticed that about every fourth or fifth car was full of women.

We waited. The morning was passing. Here into Kuibyshev again, the same sights as in Omsk. The station was crowded with the poorest, hungriest, and saddest looking people we'd ever seen. Once a group of old men, heads bowed, dressed in rags, shackles on their feet, slowly passed our car. There were about 15 of them. They were under the eyes of four guards and at least five vicious dogs which had been trained to snap at the heels of any laggards. The old people seemed almost too weak to walk. Most of them had white hair.

"They must have voted the wrong ticket." Ski wasn't laughing. His remark might have been funny had it not also probably been true.

As our little procession of four auto-

mobiles left the Okhuna station, we wondered what the next step would be. Our questions, asked so many times of Mike and the other guards, were as yet unanswered. But they did not remain unanswered long.

After about a 20-minute drive we approached a small village. There were no paved streets, and paths served as sidewalks. The same sad and bitter-looking people were trudging slowly along the paths. Again, rags constituted their only clothing. The village appeared to be of a size to accommodate about 500 people. Just before entering the village, the cars slowed and made a sharp turn to the right along a high board fence. The fence and the house behind it bore the look of having been whitewashed some months previously. The first car pulled up to a locked gate forming a part of the fence.

The next morning Ski was sitting on the steps at the side of the house when I came around the corner.

"Hey, Bob, come here!" he said.

I walked up on the porch and sat down with him.

"Look over there," he said, indicating the house next to ours outside the fence. It was a good 200 feet away, but we could see very distinctly the two women on the porch of that house. One was sitting in a chair. The other was sitting on the floor with her head in the other's lap. The one in the chair was fingering slowly and carefully through the hair of the one on the floor. She stopped every few seconds to squeeze something between two

fingernails. I asked Ski about it. "Lice," said Ski.

As we sat watching, a third woman came out of the house, holding a baby out in front of her by its arms. The baby had no clothing on from the waist down. The woman rushed to the railing of the porch and held the baby there while it emptied its bladder and bowels onto the ground below.

WHILE they were gone, Kalavada, an attendant, came into my room and tried to tell me something in Russian. I could not at first understand what it was she was trying to say, but I finally understood that someone was sick over in the other building. And she wanted me to come over there and bring the first-aid kit again. I took the kit and went over. This time they had brought a little girl into the back of the kitchen with her mother. The youngster was a pathetic sight. She walked only on the toes of one foot, the rest of her foot being bandaged with a dirty rag. She was obviously very frightened and apparently in pain. So I sat the child on her mother's lap and carefully undid the bandage and threw it away. The sight of her heel almost made me sick. What had started the infection, I don't know. But it had spread around the entire cap of her heel. The outer layer of skin had come off, and her heel looked red and raw and awfully sore. In the center there was what appeared to be an open sore with pus oozing out. On the back of her leg, halfway to the knee, were a couple of sores which looked like boils.

I didn't really know what to do, but I indicated that I wanted a pan of hot water. Into the water I put a teaspoonful of the potassium-permanganate crystals. I told them by sign language that I wanted her to put her foot into the pan and keep it there ten minutes. The child started to scream, but with the aid of her mother we got her to keep her foot in the pan of water.

Ski came in from his walk in the woods during this procedure, and we talked the thing over. But neither of us knew exactly what to do other than what I had already started.

When the little girl had finished soaking her foot in the pan I wiped off her heel as best I could. Then I covered it with zinc-oxide ointment and bandaged it. The child stopped crying and her mother showed her gratitude in her expression, and words, I guess, although I couldn't understand her.

The next day at about the same time we were called again to treat the child. This time they brought along another woman who was apparently suffering from a severe headache. We repeated the treatment on the little girl and I gave the woman a few aspirin tablets.

"Say, this is getting to be a habit," I said to Ski after they had gone.

"Yeah, they've found out that we have some medicine. I guess the civilian population just doesn't get any medical care," he answered.

"Mike, can't those people get medical care?" I asked that evening at supper.

"Only in case of emergency. You see, the people are willing to give up

everything for the Red Army," he said.

Wherever deprivation and denial were evident to us in front of Mike, he would always say that it was by unanimous choice of the people, who were willing to give up their lives, if necessary, in favor of support of the "great and glorious Red Army." Somehow, I just don't think that that little girl had any choice in the matter.

WE located Kazan on the map and were surprised to find that we had gone so far north. It was an interesting and old-looking city, viewed from a distance. There seemed to be many mosques. Mike told us that Kazan was the center of a Moslem area. A group of Moslems had migrated to that region many years ago and had settled there. When we stopped at the station, it was the same old sight. The place was full of beggars. There were groups of ten or 15 ragged children who went from car to car of the train, begging for bread at the windows. The station had many soldiers in it. Most of them seemed to be limping or using crutches or canes. There was the usual spigot sticking out of the side of the station with the sign, "Boiled Water" over it. People from the "personnel" cars up ahead swarmed to this spot, each person carrying a small teakettle, bottle, or other container. This was the same sight that we had seen in almost every station as we came across on the Trans-Siberian. Old men and women dressed in dirty rags were jostled by hurrying people. They neither looked up nor changed their pace. Other bundles of rags in-

dedicated people lying asleep against the side of the station.

After about an hour, the train started up with a lurch, rolled about 50 feet, and came to a grinding stop. It almost knocked us out of our seats. Looking out of the window, we observed a crowd gathering around the train several cars away. Mike left our car, locking the door behind him, and ran up alongside the train and then became lost in the crowd. He came back in a few minutes.

"What's the excitement, Mike?" we asked him.

He half laughed as he said, "Oh, some soldier fell off when the train started and was killed under the wheels."

The train started again almost immediately.

HEY, Bob, look here," said Ski one day. We were both sitting at the table studying Russian. Ski had the grammar book, English to Russian, which Michael had brought us. About halfway through the book, he had opened to a list of sentences. At the top of the page it said, "The student will translate the following sentences into Russian." Immediately under that, the sentences were listed. Some of them were as follows:

1. I live on a beautiful wide street. The street has large, green trees on both sides.

2. I play with my dog all day. He is a big, brown dog and loves to run with me.

3. London is the capital of England.

England is a capitalistic country.

4. The radio was invented by the Russian inventor, Inavoff.

5. In America, the workers are poorly fed, poorly clothed, and are generally mistreated by the ruling class.

6. In the Soviet Union, the workers are happy, well paid and well fed.

ROBERT," Zietseva told me one morning, "I have received permission to go to a kolkhoz (collective farm) for milk and eggs. The kolkhoz is about ten kilometers from here. They have given me a horse and sleigh. He is a big horse, and I am afraid to go alone. Will you go with me?"

It was almost dark when we turned off the main cart trail onto a road leading to a group of low, unpainted buildings. Kerosene lamps glowed from one or two windows. As we pulled up alongside the door of the central building, the door opened and several men and women came out.

There was no greeting, just the usual exchange in the gruffest manner, starting with Zietseva's statement of what we wanted and followed by what sounded to me like their long list of reasons why we could not have what we had come for. The exchange of words sounded pretty serious to me and I thought for a while that we weren't going to get the milk for which our order called. But Zietseva won again. And grudgingly, one of the men and an old lady told us to come with them. I picked up our empty ten-gallon container and went

along. We walked around the building to another long, low, unpainted building, which appeared to be a cow barn—the odor left little doubt that it was.

We entered in approximately the center of the building, and as the door was swung open a cloud of vapor billowed out into the freezing night air. A single kerosene lamp, hung from the ceiling, cast its dim glow around us. I could hear the lowing, grunting, and heavy breathing of cows to our right and left.

The whole place was unbelievably dirty. The boards under our feet were soft and oozing with moisture which could have come only from fresh cow dung and urine.

The old lady unlocked a door leading into a small room near the door we had just entered. She and the man carried out a container similar to ours, but twice as big, and set it down in the muck where we were standing. Our can was placed beside it, the lid removed. Then the two of them lifted up the big can and poured milk from it into ours. I noticed that they both held the container at the neck, their fingers extending into the can itself. When this process was completed, Zietseva signed one of the copies of the order and gave it to the man. Zietseva and I carried our own container back to our sleigh and placed it on the straw in the rear. I climbed into the driver's seat and Zietseva took her place behind me, seated on the straw. The exchange of good-bys was in a strikingly friendly tone compared with the greeting when we arrived.

I was in the kitchen one day toward the end of November while a meal was being prepared. The back door into the kitchen opened suddenly and an old, old lady slowly entered. I couldn't believe my eyes at her poor condition. She was bent and thin. And she was shaking from the cold. Her nose and cheeks were red. Otherwise, she was pale and colorless. Her clothes were rags and her only footwear was gunny sacking wound around her feet.

I picked up several slices of the bread Lubov Petrovna had just sliced and handed them to the old lady, who in the meantime continued her slow bowing and crossing herself.

She stopped bowing as I handed her the bread and looked at me in disbelief for a second, then hurriedly took the slices of bread and wrapped them in the folds of the rags keeping the upper part of her frail body warm. Then she turned, and, without a word, slowly pulled the door open and stepped out.

"No, no, no!" said Lubov Petrovna to me after the woman had gone. Then she said something I did not understand and I called Mike into the kitchen. The women told him what I had done.

"You must not give bread to people like that," he said. "They will come back for more."

"Mike," I said, "how come an old lady that has to come around begging for food? Doesn't your state take care of them?"

"If she is working, like other people, she is getting bread and she shouldn't be here begging for more."

"Obviously, Mike," I went on, "she is too old to work. What happens then? Is she just supposed to starve to death?"

"In the Soviet Union, those who work are fed," he said, and walked out of the kitchen.

ON one of our walks with Mike we had come to what appeared to be a small church. There was no longer any cross on the spire. The structure seemed to have been hit with a bomb in one corner. It was being used as a repair shop for sleighs and carts.

"This looks like an old church, Mike," I said.

"It was," he said. "But the people were finally freed from religion, and now the building is used as a workshop."

"What caused all the damage?" Ski asked him.

"One small group of people tried to insist on keeping the church going after the order had been issued for churches to cease operating. They had to dynamite it to get the people out."

"It really must have brought happiness and joy to the people when they were freed from religion," I said under my breath. Ski heard me and snickered.

"What?" said Mike.

"Nothing," I said.

Now, down in Iran, it was hard to realize that yesterday we were in the Soviet Union. I felt as though I had just awakened from a bad dream or, rather, a nightmare. I thought back

over the year and nearly two months we had spent there. The memory of the people we had seen, the one common expression on almost every face, the unhappiness, the despair, the hopelessness of existence for them—all came to my mind. The contrast of suddenly coming back to a world intended for people to enjoy made all the more vivid the unbelievable sordidness of millions of lives under the Soviet yoke.

This wasn't the Russia I'd heard about back home in Oregon. I'd even heard of Americans who, thinking their lot was bad in the U. S., had actually gone to Russia, the land of "milk and honey," the great land where all have a chance to live in equality free from oppression, fear, and intimidation. My God, the thing was fantastically unbelievable—that a condition of life for so many million people could exist and still not be a subject of open revulsion by the rest of the world.

Didn't the rest of the world know? No. That was the only feasible answer.

Here was a nation of slaves ruled by abject fear and terror of what fate will be given them by the ruling few if so much as a hint of protest or complaint is raised. A nation kept in complete ignorance of world affairs, whose borders are closed to outsiders and outside things. A people into whose ears for 24 hours out of every day is poured the voice of the dictator reminding them over and over that the State is the Almighty, that the State comes before the family, before everything else, even life itself. A people

who are forced to listen for 24 hours out of every day to the voice of the dictator telling them that they are happy, that they are free, that they are cultured. "You are now happy. You are the happiest people in the world. You are free. You are free. You are free. Now you people of the great Soviet Union have attained a cultural level comparable to no other nation in the world. All this—thanks to our great and glorious leader, Tovarisch Stalin!"

After over 20 years of hearing nothing but lies, of reading the same lies over and over again, and in the total absence of any other thought suggestions, these millions of automatons actually believe these things. The older ones, though, seemed to remember more civilized and happier times.

So this is what the Soviet means by communism! Communism! I'd read a little about it back home. I'd heard a lot of favorable comment on it. What I read sounded pretty good on paper. But in actual practice, as we had observed in the heartland of communism itself, there was no working together for the common good of all. There was filth, dirt, misery and poverty. There wasn't any common good. Everybody

lived in fear and terror. No one was unaffected. Life, in all its aspects, was ugly. Certainly the Soviet Union has trees, grass, the moon; and the sun shines there, and stars come out; but everything connected with humanity is ugly, sordid, and a perversity of human nature.

We were better Americans for our experience. Any sympathies we may have had for the Soviets or their professed communism were dispelled by our having been there. It is regrettable that those in our country who proclaim themselves followers and leaders of the Marx-Lenin theories and who associate themselves with groups who follow the Kremlin line could not observe those destructive forces at work. Having known our standard of living, those same individuals would be forever ashamed to have their names mentioned in the same breath with the word *communism*.

This is the Russia we saw. This Russia exists today. That these descriptive lines should ever be used to picture life in these United States is unthinkable. And yet, communism, like a malignant scab on the skin of the world, is spreading north, south, east, and west. We must fight it!



American Scene

THE city child, in the country for the first time, saw his first rainbow, but was perplexed.

"Mother," he finally exclaimed, "it's very beautiful, but what is it supposed to advertise?"

Capper's Weekly.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Berger, Florence S. COOKING FOR CHRIST. *Des Moines, Iowa: National Catholic Rural Life Conference.* 128 pp. \$2.50. The liturgical year in kitchen, dining room, and the hearts of the family.

Cather, Willa. ON WRITING; *Critical Studies on Writing as an Art; With a Foreword by Stephen Tennant.* New York: Knopf. 126 pp. \$2.25. Occasional notes on her own work and that of other writers. She thinks that the true artist creates consciously but always first lives what he writes.

Gassner, Jerome. THE CANON OF THE MASS: *Its History, Theology, and Art.* St. Louis: Herder. 404 pp. \$5. Development and meaning of prayers at the core of the Mass, the best-known and least varying element in Catholic worship.

Gilson, Etienne. DANTE, THE PHILOSOPHER. *New York: Sheed & Ward.* 338 pp. \$4. Poet, captivated by philosophy, tries to give his fellow citizens some popular lessons in the ethical beauties of life devoted to the common welfare. Fascinating literary detective work.

Howe, George. CALL IT TREASON; *a novel.* New York: Viking. 344 pp. \$3. Spy tale of nazi Germany just before the American push over the Rhine. German boy elects to serve his country in a role for which he can never accept credit. Winner of top award in Christopher contest.

Keller, James. THREE MINUTES A DAY; *Christopher Thoughts for Daily Living.* Garden City: Doubleday. 365 pp. \$2. Calendar of wise observations from the Hebrew prophets to *Time* magazine. Their application to a love for others in Christ.

Knox, Ronald. THE CREED IN SLOW MOTION. *New York: Sheed & Ward.* 238 pp. \$2.50. Our basic beliefs explained phrase by phrase, with nothing taken for granted. Diverting examples give new reality to old catechism truths.

Merton, Thomas. THE WATERS OF SIOLE. *New York: Harcourt, Brace.* 377 pp., illus. \$3.50. Why and what are Trappists? Author of *The Seven Storey Mountain* tells of the amazing growth of his Order in this country and the spirit of realism that penetrates it.

Perkins, Mary. MIND THE BABY! *New York: Sheed & Ward.* 122 pp. \$2. Meditations on an infant son who left his mother small time for thought.

Wallace, Francis. THE NOTRE DAME STORY. *New York: Rinehart.* 275 pp. \$2.75. Vivid picture of a school spirit that became a national legend embodied in the great Rockne and his teams.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

KANSAS AND LOULA STREETS

OLATHE, KANSAS

RICE LARDNER
MINISTER

September 14, 1949

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST
41 Eighth Street
St. Paul 2, Minnesota

In re: Subscription to CATHOLIC DIGEST

Reverend Sir:

Enclosed find check for \$3.00 covering one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC DIGEST as per your offer of September 3rd. May I thank you for the opportunity of subscribing without feeling that I was imposing upon the Catholic Church by so doing. I have long felt that a Protestant clergyman should have available a Catholic publication. I am certain that we would learn that there is a wide area of agreement, both in theology and in social aims, between the Catholic Church and our Protestant bodies. I am also satisfied that, if we, as Protestants, read a Catholic periodical, recognizing that of necessity, as long as we are in disagreement on many items, we will run across articles with which we cannot agree, we can still cooperate in the areas of agreement, if we have sufficient Christian charity in our hearts.

I have been pleased with the developments in Boston and the recent Catechism. Your generous offer to us of the DIGEST is in line with that line of thought. Perhaps in a few years the tension between our two Christian groups may be eliminated.

Yours sincerely,
RICE LARDNER, A.B., LL.B., B.D.